

Hubby
udge—Why?

When Discrimination Makes Sense—Dinesh D'Souza

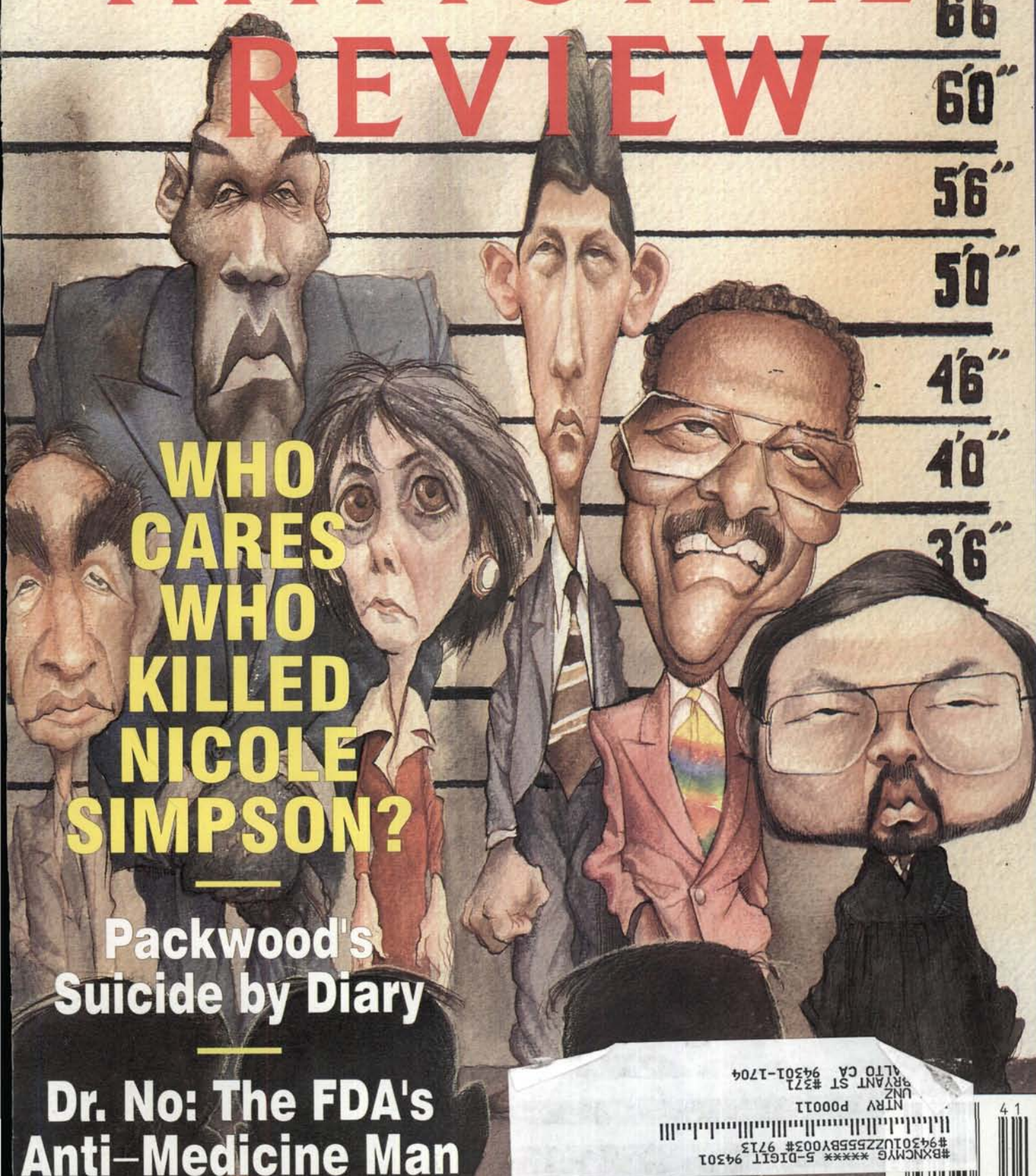
NATIONAL REVIEW

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WHO
CARES
WHO
KILLED
NICOLE
SIMPSON?

Packwood's
Suicide by Diary

Dr. No: The FDA's
Anti-Medicine Man



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NATIONAL REVIEW

OCTOBER 9, 1995 VOL. XLVII, NO. 19



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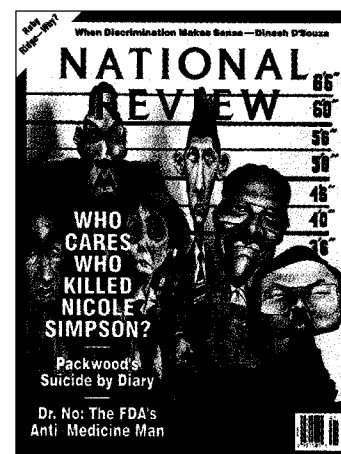
56 *In Trust: The Social Virtues and the Creation of Prosperity*, Francis Fukuyama brings a generalist's inexperience to the field of economics, **Glenn C. Loury** complains—yet produces a book that's a success, in a general kind of way. . . . Reading *In the Arena*, Charlton Heston's autobiography, **George MacDonald Fraser** is reminded that Heston is more than an actor. He is a presence. . . . **Terry Teachout** finds both virtue and vice in William Bennett's *The Moral Compass*. . . . **Florence King** was all set to give Ayn Rand a makeover, but Michael S. Berliner and Leonard Peikoff beat her to it with their *Letters of Ayn Rand*. . . . Using Newt Gingrich's *To Renew America* as a lure, **James Bowman** reels in two schools'-worth of the cultural elite. . . . **John Simon** would climb the Berlin Wall to see *The Promise*, and that's no lie. He'd even go *Beyond Rangoon*.

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Cover by Roman Genn



NATIONAL REVIEW (ISSN: 0028-0038) is published bi-weekly, except for the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices. ©National Review, Inc., 1995. Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc. to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, P. O. Box 668, Mount Morris, Ill. 61054-0668; phone, 815-734-1232, Monday-Friday, 7:30 A.M. to 10:30 P.M. Eastern time. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile. Direct classified advertising inquiries to: Classifieds Dept., National Review, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016 or call 212-679-7330. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, P. O. Box 668, Mount Morris, Ill. 61054-0668. Printed in the U.S.A.

RATES: \$57.00 a year (25 issues). Add \$21.50 for Canada and other foreign subscriptions, per year. (All payments in U.S. currency.) The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage or, better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

LETTERS

Mr. Manners

Thank you, Mr. David Klinghoffer. "Newt and Other Friends" [July 31] was a welcome piece long overdue. The current rudeness of calling everyone by his first name is rampant and most objectionable. When my first name is called out across a doctor's waiting room, I walk to the person who has just outraged my sensibilities, ask her name and age, and then say authoritatively, "You are a stranger to me. Also, you are too young to call me by my first name. You will always address me as Mrs. Lewine." It works. If more people spoke up this absurd familiarity might stop.

Ethel Lewine
Plymouth Meeting, Pa.

Colors of Illegitimacy

Regarding Carl Horowitz's useful critique of my views ["Searching for the White Underclass," Sept. 11], perhaps I should say publicly that I have become more optimistic since I wrote "The Emerging White Underclass." In the last few years, illegitimacy has become remarkably more disreputable, and social stigma may make a comeback. Since our most recent statistics are still from 1992, it is conceivable that white illegitimacy has already stabilized as I write, though I'm not prepared to bet the rent on it.

There is a problem, however, with Mr. Horowitz's use of data from the 1980s and early 1990s to conclude that white single motherhood is less dangerous than black single motherhood. As he notes, I took as my point of departure the fact that white illegitimacy in the early 1990s corresponded to black illegitimacy in the early 1960s. More precisely, the black illegitimacy ratio in 1961 was almost identical to the white illegitimacy ratio in 1992.

Suppose that white illegitimacy has increased since then at the same rate as black illegitimacy did in the early 1960s. If so, as of 1995 whites are where blacks were in 1964. But in 1964, figures for black crime, dropout of young males from the labor force, drug use, illegitimacy itself, and other indicators of a developing underclass were still at levels that now appear unattainably low, even idyllic. All of those trend lines were just beginning to steepen.

Editor's note: Letters of 200 words or fewer have a greater chance of being published.

Many critics of Pat Moynihan's prescient 1965 paper on the black family used data from the early 1960s to argue that black single motherhood wasn't a problem after all. Mr. Horowitz makes the same mistake in using data about whites from the early 1990s. Let's talk again in another ten or fifteen years.

Charles Murray
American Enterprise Institute
Washington, D.C.

Please Tutor the Disadvantaged

In "The Vision of the Anointed" [July 31] Thomas Sowell once again demonstrates that he has more common sense than the combined faculties of whatever universities you care to mention. I wonder if Mr. Sowell might consider tutoring some of their disadvantaged professors. I'd be happy to contribute toward their tuition.

George Murphy
Rochester, N.Y.

Not-So-New Discoveries

NR's readers must have been shocked to read of Gekko's discovery [July 31] that fifty years of government management has left the federally owned uranium-enrichment corporation inefficient, costly, and uncompetitive. How could the same institution that oversees the post office, Amtrak, and the world's largest welfare system stumble so badly?

Although this finding was apparently a surprise to Gekko, it is no surprise to the millions of voters around the world who in recent years have elected governments committed to the privatization of inefficient socialist enterprises. But even here Gekko is the contrarian, and devotes much of the latter part of his column to dumping on current privatization efforts. And rather than directly address the facts of the matter, he seems content to dismiss the joint congressional/presidential privatization plan by simply observing that a Friend of Bill works for the law firm that advises the Enrichment Corporation's advisor, J. P. Morgan. Contrary to Gekko's assertions, J. P. Morgan is *not* the corporation's investment banker, and under the terms of its contract *cannot* even compete for that role nor for the possible \$100 million in fees that will be earned on the privatization.

As the Federal Government's first (and last) director of privatization (1987-1989)

under Ronald Reagan, I was part of the team that first proposed this initiative, and thus endured a relentless assault from the many privileged interests that benefit from a government-run uranium program. Despite the opposition from U.S. and Canadian mining companies and their unions, foreign enrichment companies, uranium traders, government contractors, and federal bureaucrats, the privatization plan has survived three Administrations and six Congresses, and will probably survive Gekko.

Ronald Utt
Arlington, Va.

I did not describe J. P. Morgan as the USEC's investment banker, nor did I say that it could compete for the privatization contract. Morgan is the USEC's advisor. I had many more objections to the privatization plan than "simply observing that a Friend of Bill works for the law firm that advises the Enrichment Corporation's advisor." I am looking out for the interests of those members of the investing public who might be tempted by the USEC's moonshine about its prospects. There are fundamental problems with USEC's management, operations, and market position that will not be solved by privatization. Along with the USEC management, Mr. Utt should pay more attention to details.

—GEKKO

Fresh Thinking

I was amused to see both John O'Sullivan and Bill Buckley reply to my book *The Next American Nation* [Sept. 11]. According to Mr. O'Sullivan, I am "brilliant" when I agree with him and "daft" when I disagree with him, while Mr. Buckley defended affirmative action for sub-standard students in college admissions, as long as the beneficiaries are the relatives of rich alumni. Who would have expected to see such iconoclasm, such fresh thinking, in NATIONAL REVIEW?

The real treat, though, was to read Mr. O'Sullivan's dismissal of my ideas about democratizing our money-warped and gerrymandered political system as "daydreaming"—this, from an editor who devoted five pages of the same issue to a proposal (by David Ramsay Steele) to pick legislators by lot. Affirmative action for rich kids and government by lottery—and here I had thought supply-side economics would forever represent the high-water mark of conservative sophistry.

Michael Lind
New York, N.Y.

We apologize to Mr. Lind. We had not intended to draw quite so much blood.

—WFB & JO'S

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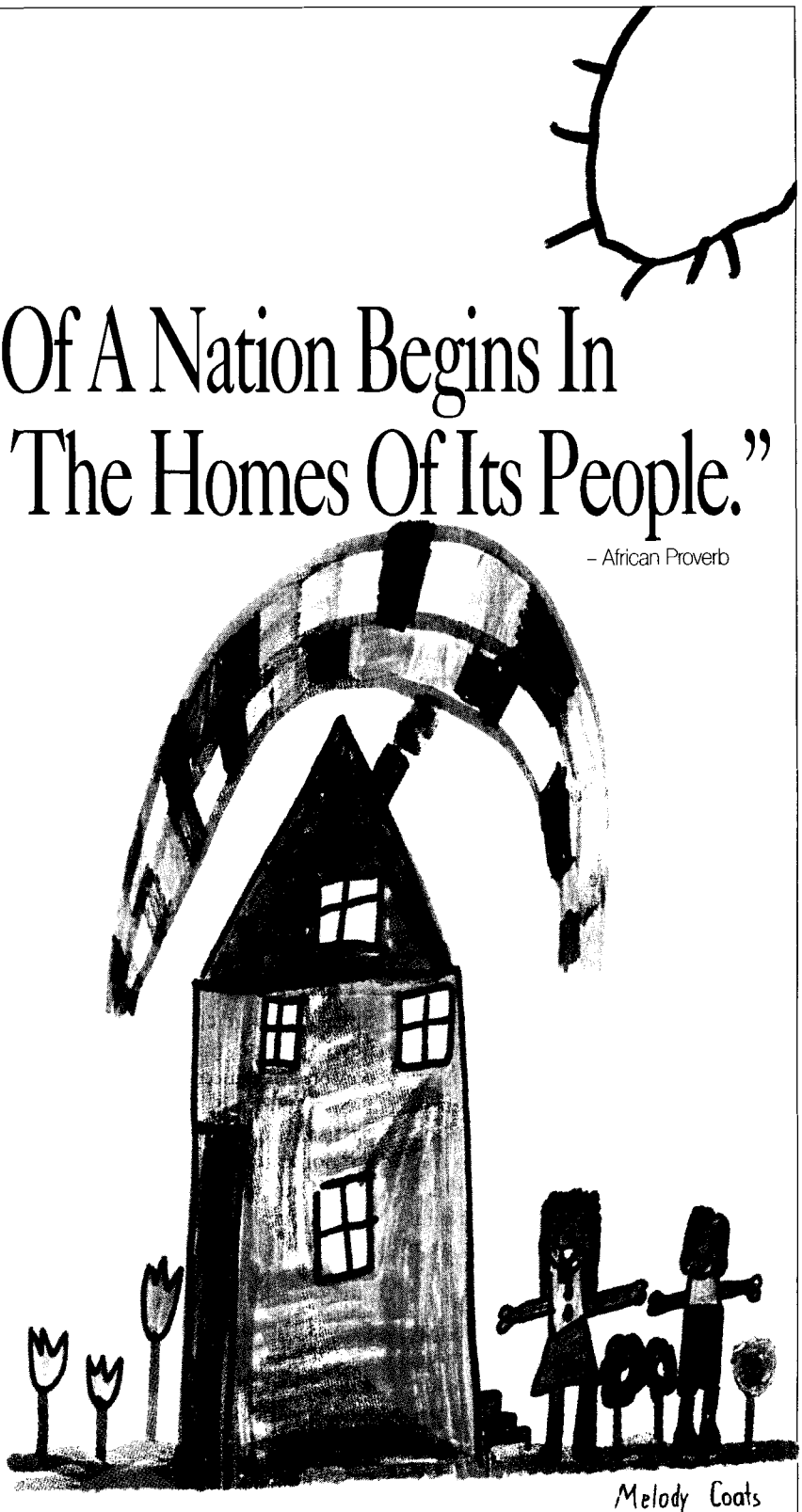
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— African Proverb

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FROM THE EDITOR

And So to Bed

■ Kate O'Beirne unveils Senator Packwood's cozy relations with Washington's feminists (p. 24). It is a sordid tale: with feminists looking firmly the other way, Senator Packwood merrily carried on his brusque seductions for about a quarter of a century.

But he forgot the immortal advice of Scotch whisky magnate, Jimmy Buchanan: "Do right—and fear no man; don't write—and fear no woman." He survived everything except his diaries.

But why did the senator keep a diary in the first place? I have a sad suspicion he thought he was recording History. Alas, the diaries show his mind to be a stark surrealist landscape, a vast empty space littered only with the occasional stuffed moose, broken comb, or peeling *Playboy* playmate.

He may even be the first post-modern political diarist, reflecting thoughtfully and at length about blow-drying his hair and communing uncertainly with his diary about whether or not he should be writing a diary.

No redeeming social or literary merit in this *oeuvre*, except that it confirms my own theory, outlined here recently, about Packwood's seduction technique. Namely, it worked often enough to outweigh the humiliations it must also have invited—humiliations that will come his way much more often, now that he is writing *Diary of a Nobody*.

■ Anne Applebaum dispatches the follies of the United Nations Women's Conference in Peking with a worldly sardonic wisdom (page 50). But I cannot help also scenting a whiff of brimstone.

Try a thought experiment. You are C. S. Lewis's publisher in 1940s London. A book proposal arrives from the great man: "It would describe an international conference at which Western governments urge the replacement of the two sexes by five genders with internationally recognized rights to match. Screw-tape, on the drafting committee, advises how to ridicule objections."

You do not hesitate: "My dear Lewis,

I am afraid plausibility is a requirement even in religious fantasy. Alas . . ."

■ Both *George* and *The Weekly Standard* have been launched since our last issue. And very nice they look too—*George* adding a little-needed touch of Hollywood glitz to the sober business of governing, and the *Standard* offering more austere intellectual fare for conservative Washingtonians.

The Economist saw them as harbingers of a new "Post-Partisanship" sweeping the nation. This is the idea that "liberal" and "conservative" are outdated labels that describe neither the real choices facing America nor the opinions of the voters. Its bearers are General Colin Powell, Mrs. Tessa Heinz (widow of GOP Senator John Heinz, bride of Democratic Senator John Kerry), and Newt Gingrich's lesbian sister.

Now, something is wrong with a theory of American politics that gives more significance to Miss Gingrich than to Speaker Gingrich, and to Mrs. Heinz's new husband than to Senator Heinz's conservative successor, Rick Santorum.

Sure enough, the pioneers of post-partisanship turn out to be people who are not known as liberals (or not known at all) but who have recently expressed some liberal views.

Let me explore this theme: "Post-partisanship is the partisanship that dare not speak its name." Or: "Post-partisanship is the last refuge of the partisan." Or: "Post-partisanship is liberalism on stilts." Or: "A post-partisan is a liberal who has been mugged by reality, but refuses to press charges." Or . . .

But you get the general idea.

■ *The Economist's* sole excuse for accusing the *Standard* of post-partisanship, incidentally, was that its urbane editor, Bill Kristol, had flirted with an endorsement of General Powell in its first issue. This was less embracing post-partisanship than avoiding predictability.

I am myself, alas, wholly predictable. I'm backing Norman Schwarzkopf.

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN

NATIONAL REVIEW

October 9 issue; printed September 20

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Main Number 212-679-7330

Subscription Inquiries 815-734-1232

Advertising Sales 212-679-3923

Director: Donald W. Burkett

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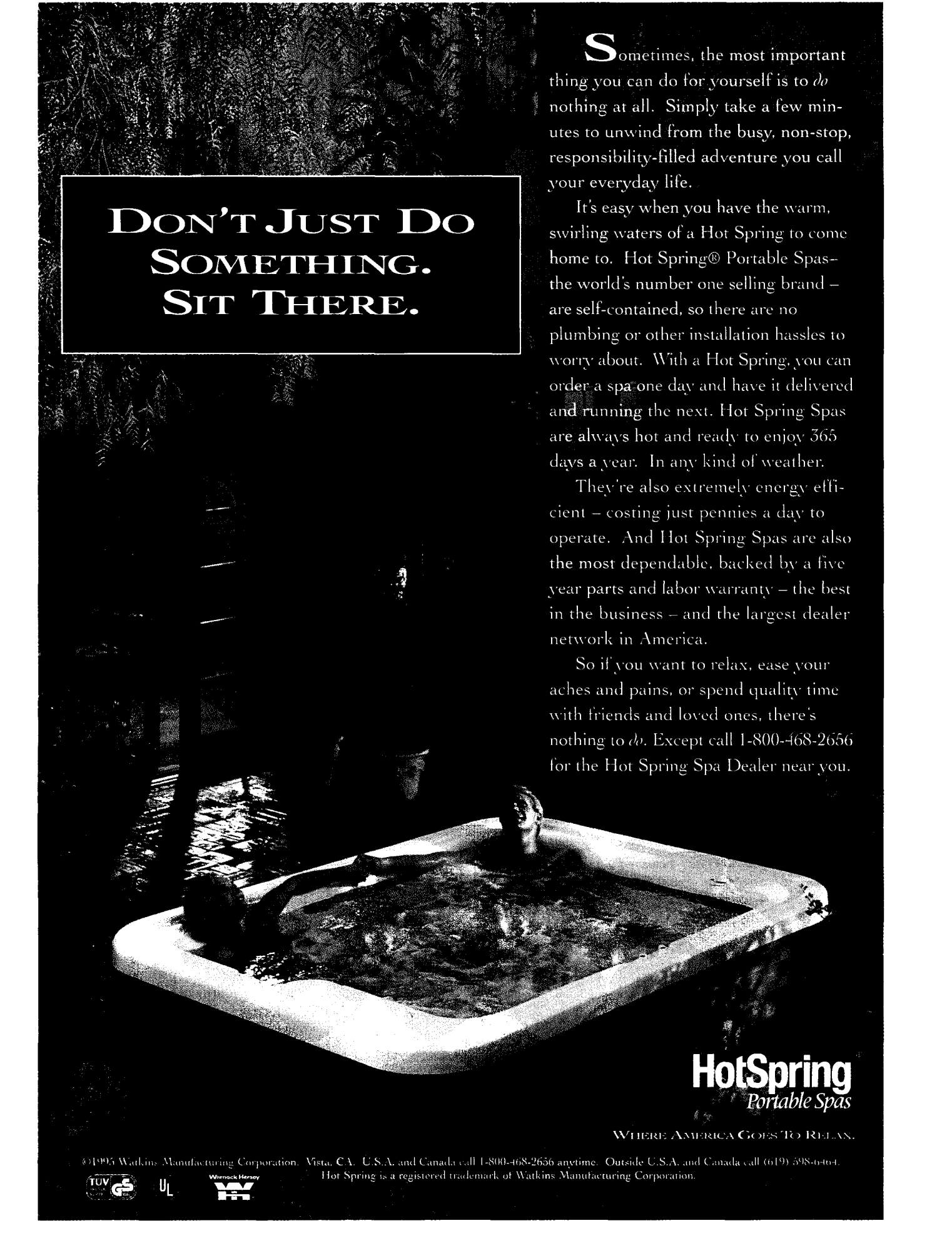
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FOR THE RECORD

■ Presidential contenders lined up to address four thousand members of Christian Coalition in D.C. Says Executive Director **Ralph Reed**: "We have gained what we always sought—a place at the table." When **Phil Gramm** challenged **Bob Dole** to sign **Phyllis Schlafly's** pledge to retain GOP's pro-life plank Dole defended his pro-life record, but, refused to sign. **Pat Buchanan** assailed abortion, outcome-based education, federal judges, "new world order." **Richard Lugar** warned of fiscal and social dangers of states and cities growing dependent on gambling revenues. . . . Not invited: **Arlen Specter**, who has bashed Reed, the Coalition, its founder **Pat Robertson**. Specter complains, "You deny the most basic American rights—the right to speak out and the right to be heard as you seek to dominate the political process and dictate the Republican nominee for President for 1996." . . . After conference, Robertson told reporters: "If there is a winner of this round, [it's] Phil Gramm." But he defended "lifelong conservative" Dole: "I don't think Bob Dole is being some kind of chameleon."

■ **Richard Ben Cramer**, updating his 1988 campaign book, asked what Dole would do first upon becoming President. Dole's response: "Haven't thought. . . . If I get elected at my age, you know . . . I'm not goin' anywhere. It's not an agenda. I'm just gonna serve my country." **David Keene**, head of American Conservative Union and Dole advisor, comments: "**Cicero** he ain't. He's not really giving people what they expect from a presidential candidate, which is a sense of the world he wants to create and where he wants to lead them." A consultant to Dole campaign told *New Yorker's* **Sidney Blumenthal** that Dole "has the look of a guy who feels he's being called onstage to have someone pull the trapdoor lever. He's certain—certain—that something will go wrong. **Reagan** looked happier getting shot than Bob Dole will look getting nominated." . . . After **Barbara Walters** interview with **Colin Powell**, **Bill Lacy**, deputy manager of Dole

campaign, told *New York Post's* **Deborah Orin** that Powell talk "helps our campaign, very simply because General Powell is out there getting a lot of attention that Phil Gramm or **Pete Wilson** or **Lamar Alexander** or **Pat Buchanan** isn't." . . . Presidential Fibs: **Bill Clinton** claims, "For two years, I said the Medicare Trust Fund was in trouble, and Mr. **Gingrich** and others mocked me and denied that it was in trouble." Republican National Committee reveals results of Nexis search for keywords "Clinton" and "Medicare trust fund" during first two years of term: "Direct Quotes: Zero." . . . Buchanan, desperate for campaign cash, is sending fund-raising appeals by costly certified mail, blames troubles on lack of "special-interest money from Wall Street and K Street." . . . Gramm won another surprise victory in straw poll of National Federation of Republican Women. Dole placed third, behind Alexander; each got less than half Gramm's support. . . . **Steve Forbes**, decrying lack of vision in presidential field, is about to enter the race.

■ Two Tennessee state senators switched parties, giving Republicans a majority for first time since Reconstruction. RNC notes that since Clinton's inauguration, party has taken control of



"I'm part of a Rapid Bewilderment Force—I fail to understand events as soon as they happen."

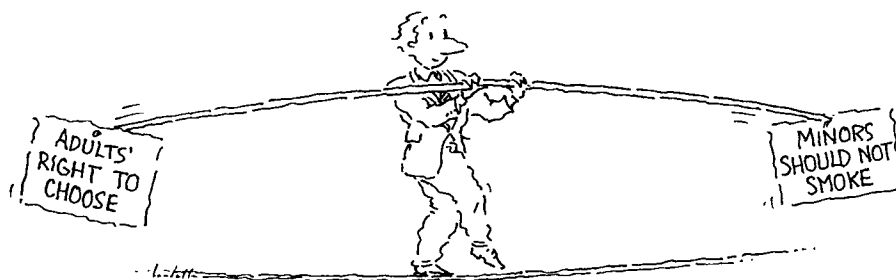
21 state legislative bodies and picked up 599 legislative seats; 132 elected officials have switched to GOP; 42 Democrats in Congress—an average of one a month—have resigned, announced their retirement, or switched parties. . . . Latest to announce retirement: Sen. **Claiborne Pell** (R.I.), Rep. **Norman Mineta** (Calif.), Rep. **Pete Peterson** (Fla.). Mineta tells *The Hill*: "When I finally told Dick Gephardt last week that things were finalized, he said, 'Ah, you lucky son-of-a-gun.'" . . . According to *Times Mirror* poll, more voters would choose Republicans for Congress today than last November. . . . Close friends and stalwart conservative California Reps. **Chris Cox** and **Dana Rohrabacher** both considering challenge to Sen. **Barbara Boxer** in 1998, according to *U.S. News*. So are **Michael** and **Arianna Huffington**.

■ Recent polls show slight majority for separatism in October 30 referendum in Quebec. Provincial Premier **Jacques Parizeau** has won over "soft nationalists" with promised ties to remainder of Canada. . . . Northern Ireland "peace process" in deep trouble with election of hard-liner **David Trimble** as leader of Protestant Unionists in Belfast. In visit with **Al Gore** and National Security Advisor **Tony Lake**, Sinn Fein leader **Gerry Adams** refused to budge on issue of surrendering weapons before talks begin. In Dublin, Taoiseach **John Bruton** has come down on Adams's side. . . . One more blow to Indian Prime Minister **P. V. Narasimha Rao**, whose government is already plagued with violence in Kashmir and attacks on his deregulatory program: Punjab Chief Minister **Beant Singh**, who seemed to have placated separatist terrorists, was assassinated with a car bomb. . . . German Chancellor **Helmut Kohl**, famous for pulling electoral rabbits out of a hat, seems to have done it again. While he toured South Africa, Social Democratic opposition was hit by an avalanche of resignations, as pro-market SPDers refuse to follow leadership in lurch to the Left. . . . Former East German spy-master **Markus Wolf** has written a Russian cookbook, says spying "is more like your daily bread than *cordon bleu*."

■ Seen around town: A haiku from *New York Press*, an alternative paper with libertarian tendencies: "Dead **William Kunstler** / Burning with rapists and thugs / **Roy Cohn** looks so cool."

Our position, word by word.

Balance



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THE WEEK

■ John Paul II's book tour will be less extensive than Colin Powell's, and rightly so: he is only the Vicar of Christ.

■ Do people, and the businesses they form, have a presumptive right to the money they earn? Or do they get to keep some portion of it only as a favor from the Federal Government? That's the question at issue in a dispute over the meaning of the term "corporate welfare"—and astonishingly enough, the usually sound conservative Rep. Bill Archer (R., Tex.) is on the wrong side of it. The chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee wants to eliminate about sixty business tax preferences over the next seven years to help balance the budget. But to end a tax break without reducing tax rates amounts to a tax increase—which, political junkies might recall, Republicans are supposed to be against. If Congress really wants to attack "corporate welfare," it should abolish the Export-Import Bank, agribusiness subsidies, and tariffs. Giving other people's money to select businesses is welfare; letting them keep more of their own is not.

■ House Republican efforts to dismantle the Legal Services Corporation (LSC) are in danger of falling victim to the McCollum syndrome, an illness marked by the eager willingness to accept half-a-loaf legislation that afflicts the chronically behind-the-curve Florida Republican. Bill McCollum, joined by Judiciary Committee Democrats, failed in his bid to scrap at the committee level a proposal by George Gekas (R., Pa.) to block-grant LSC funds to the states. But McCollum did succeed in increasing funding for LSC and stretching it out over several years. Conservatives rightly consider this a betrayal of the deal the House leadership cut earlier this year to end LSC funding after two years. McCollum explains: "The very essence of being a conservative is a desire to preserve the underpinnings of the democratic system, and this [the LSC] is one of them." The House leadership hopes to strip the weakening amendments out of the legislation on the floor. Senator Phil Gramm, meanwhile, managed to get a tough Gekas-like bill out of committee, but faces a possible stiff challenge on the Senate floor (perhaps led by Budget Committee Chairman Pete Domenici). The upshot of all this may eventually be that the LSC gets the

axe. But in Washington these days nothing pays like revolutionary skepticism.

■ The first contributor to the "If I Were President" column in *George* magazine was Madonna. Yeah, it was frivolous—but Steve Forbes has less money, and Arlen Specter has the same positions on social issues.

■ From a shoebox in Pat Robertson's garage to a 1.7-million-member organization. From political outcasts—"poor, uneducated, easy to command," as the *Washington Post* once put it—to presidential kingmakers. The Christian Coalition celebrated a political passage at its annual "Road to Victory" conference in Washington. All the GOP presidential candidates—except Pete Wilson and the uninvited Arlen Specter—were there to tout their social-conservative credentials. And Robertson could quote a recent article describing the Coalition as the dominant force in 18 state Republican parties—and counting. "We have gained what we have always sought," declared Executive Director Ralph Reed. "A place at the table." The transformation of evangelical Protestants into a powerful, impossible-to-ignore electoral bloc—by one estimate the Coalition mobilized 4 million activists and 50 million voters last year—will keep "the culture" front and center in American politics. Of course some fear the GOP's becoming a wholly owned subsidiary of Pat Robertson—a groundless fear when Catholics, Jews, non-evangelical Protestants, and hard-headed agnostics account for more than half of the *conservative* coalition. Perhaps a more likely danger is the Christian Coalition's becoming a wholly owned subsidiary of a GOP which will not always behave as the Coalition would like. A place at the table is worth having only if on occasion you can walk away from it.

■ A new nationwide poll conducted by Adams Research for *Talk Daily* flattens the media myth that talk-

MATTHEW CHICAGO TRIBUNE



radio listeners are rednecks and morons. The survey finds that listeners have higher annual incomes than the national average, are twice as likely to be college graduates, and are politically active (92 per cent are registered voters). A whopping two-thirds of listeners regard talk radio as an "important source of political information and ideas." And they're everywhere: one in six Americans has listened to Rush et al. in the last 48 hours, three out of ten in the past week. Such talk is music to our ears.

■ One advantage the Left has long enjoyed is its ability to get funds coercively, in the form of tax dollars and compulsory union dues. Since last year's elections, taxpayer funds have permitted the advocacy Left (e.g., groups like the National Council of Senior Citizens, 90 per cent federally funded) to fight the new majority's agenda on the balanced budget, Medicare savings, and welfare reform. Conservative freshmen in the House are eager to strip the Left of that advantage. Their vehicle is the Istook-McIntosh-Ehrlich amendment, an appropriations rider that would prohibit non-profit organizations that receive federal grants from spending more than 5 per cent of their budgets on lobbying. Liberal special interests have fought back ferociously, enlisting prestigious organizations like the YMCA, the March of Dimes, and the American Red Cross to lead the battle. And the strategy has worked with liberal Republicans, to the extent that Arlen Specter stripped the rider out of the HHS/Labor appropriations bill, and Mark Hatfield and James Jeffords are resisting efforts to attach it to the Treasury/Postal appropriations bill. Now, however, scores of freshmen have indicated that they will vote against the bill unless it includes the rider. The House leadership may not understand this freshman intransigence. The people back home will.

■ Democrats were indignant when Republicans issued a "Wanted" poster with pictures of Democratic politicians, including many women and minorities. Now Majority '96, a Democratic group, has compiled a list of 33 House seats it's targeting in the next election, including those of Gary Franks, Andrea Seastrand, Linda Smith, Helen Chenoweth, and J. C. Watts. That's one-fifth of the Republican women (and almost half the conservative women) in Congress, and 100 per cent of the black Republicans. A coincidence, we're sure.

■ House leaders traditionally refrain from making presidential-primary endorsements. Majority Leader Dick Armey broke that tradition by announcing his support for Phil Gramm, saying that he could not inflict another Bush Administration on his children. So Gramm has swept the economists in Congress.

■ It was the first rumpus of the Age of Newt. After being sworn in as Speaker, Mr. Gingrich appointed Christina Jeffrey, a former colleague from Georgia aca-

demie life, to be House Historian. Democrats spotted a critical 1986 review she had written of "Facing History and Ourselves," a Holocaust-education program for schools. It took a lot of selective quotation to turn Mrs. Jeffrey's critique into evidence of anti-Semitism and Nazi sympathy, but Reps. Charles Schumer (D., N.Y.) and Barney Frank (D., Mass.) were up to the task. Gingrich buckled under the barrage—though subsequently, he showed the courage and the decency to regret publicly his loss of nerve. Now Abraham H. Foxman, national director of the Anti-Defamation



The Week in Verse

The end of summer blowing by offshore
Flattened *St. Thomas* but the main forbore.
Like *Marilyn*, the clement hurricane
Might spare the Ship of State—but it's a Train,
On track, while *Dole* and *Clinton* rubberneck
For that so-long-anticipated wreck.
The GOP's reforming *Medicare*,
While *Democrats* exploit it for the scare
It gives the old to think that when they're ill
The Government won't be in at the kill.

Meanwhile, th' election still a year away,
Both *Dole* and *Gramm* were looking rather fey.
The infighting among the rival camps here
Kicked up the dust round augurs in *New Hampshire*,
As *Wilson* closed his *Iowa* operation
And *Powell*, like *Ike*, was led into temptation
When *Kristol's* siren voice raised up the *Standard*,
Around which formed an absolutely grand herd
Of Independent types—deploring those who pandered. }
Out of the public gaze, the careful reader
Observed: *Buchanan's* got the *Union Leader*.

When Croats attacked and NATO bombed the Serbs,
They thought it wiser to agree to curbs
On placement of their big artillery
In *Sarajevo's* hills. The *Normandy*,
Meanwhile, unloosed its fearsome *Tomahawks*
At *Banja Luka's* scared (unrocklike?) rocks.

The world's women, gathered in *Peking*,
Resolved to fight that patriarchal thing
By claiming their inalienable right
To feel "not in the mood" on any night.
Back in the *States*, though *Packwood* got the boot,
Still *Miss America* wore bathing suit
And *Klein*, his kids in sexy attitude—
Not *comme il faut* but quite *comme d'habitude*— }
At last had to be spanked for being, like them, crude.

—JUVENAL

League of B'nai B'rith, has declared that the ADL is "satisfied that any characterization of [Mrs. Jeffrey] as anti-Semitic or sympathetic to Nazism is entirely unfounded and unfair"—a creditable statement. He also accepted her invitation to co-sponsor a conference on Holocaust education at Kennesaw State College in Georgia, where she now teaches. No sign yet from Messrs. Schumer and Frank—who slandered an innocent woman and exploited a catastrophe in order to score political brownie points—that they have faced this bit of history, or themselves.

■ Dear Pete Wilson: You were the sometime hombre, and the peregrine, and all the ships that ever sailed to sea, and I will throw the ashes of your polls off the covered bridge we loved so. Francesca

■ Who's the richest one of all? Australians, according to a new study by the World Bank, are worth an average of \$835,000 per capita, putting them at the top of the heap. The U.S., at \$421,000 per capita, ranks a mere 12th, behind such stellar performers as Iceland, Qatar, and the United Arab Emirates. The catch? Along with income and man-made wealth, these figures include the value of a nation's untapped natural resources, i.e., all the outback gold and silver or Gulf oil available to future generations. But how valuable will those resources be to someone a hundred years from now? When measured relative to wages, the prices of natural resources today are half what they were in 1980, and only one-eighth what they were in 1900. Real oil prices dropped 62 per cent between 1980 and 1992. Food is 49 per cent cheaper. Prices of most resources shoot up during wars or when the government imposes price controls, but quickly fall again when markets are allowed to allocate resources freely. The Greens have it all wrong: countries that husband natural resources will become ever less wealthy relative to those that turn them into something useful. We'd short Iceland and go long on the United States.

■ Genuflecting to the multiculturalists, General Mills is reincarnating Betty Crocker. By combining 75 ethnically diverse faces, the company plans to cook up a new image for its homemaker which truly reflects the diversity in our country. No word yet on whether Aunt Jemima will be thrown into the mix.

■ Preparing for a possible train wreck, the State Department asked each ambassador to provide a list of essential personnel, with a justification of their essentialness. The result has been a mad scramble as worried diplomats rush to justify their embassy's particular mission. Although several embassies are rightly concerned about having continuous support at a sensitive time (e.g., those handling the Bosnian peace negotiations), others are more worried about losing face over the diplomatic grapevine ("Did you hear, Bob got only ten

'essentials' while Jim held out for fifteen?"). How else to explain David Aaron's cable stating that his entire staff of 44 at the Paris-based Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development (OECD) is essential? His assertion is remarkable considering that no one knows exactly what the OECD does. Aaron's cable explains that fall is the busiest season at the OECD (just like the fashion industry). What happens during the other three it doesn't say.

■ Will State classify Pamela Harriman's pastry cook as "essential personnel"? We'll never know, since, under French law, the U.S. has to pay local employees even if they're furloughed.

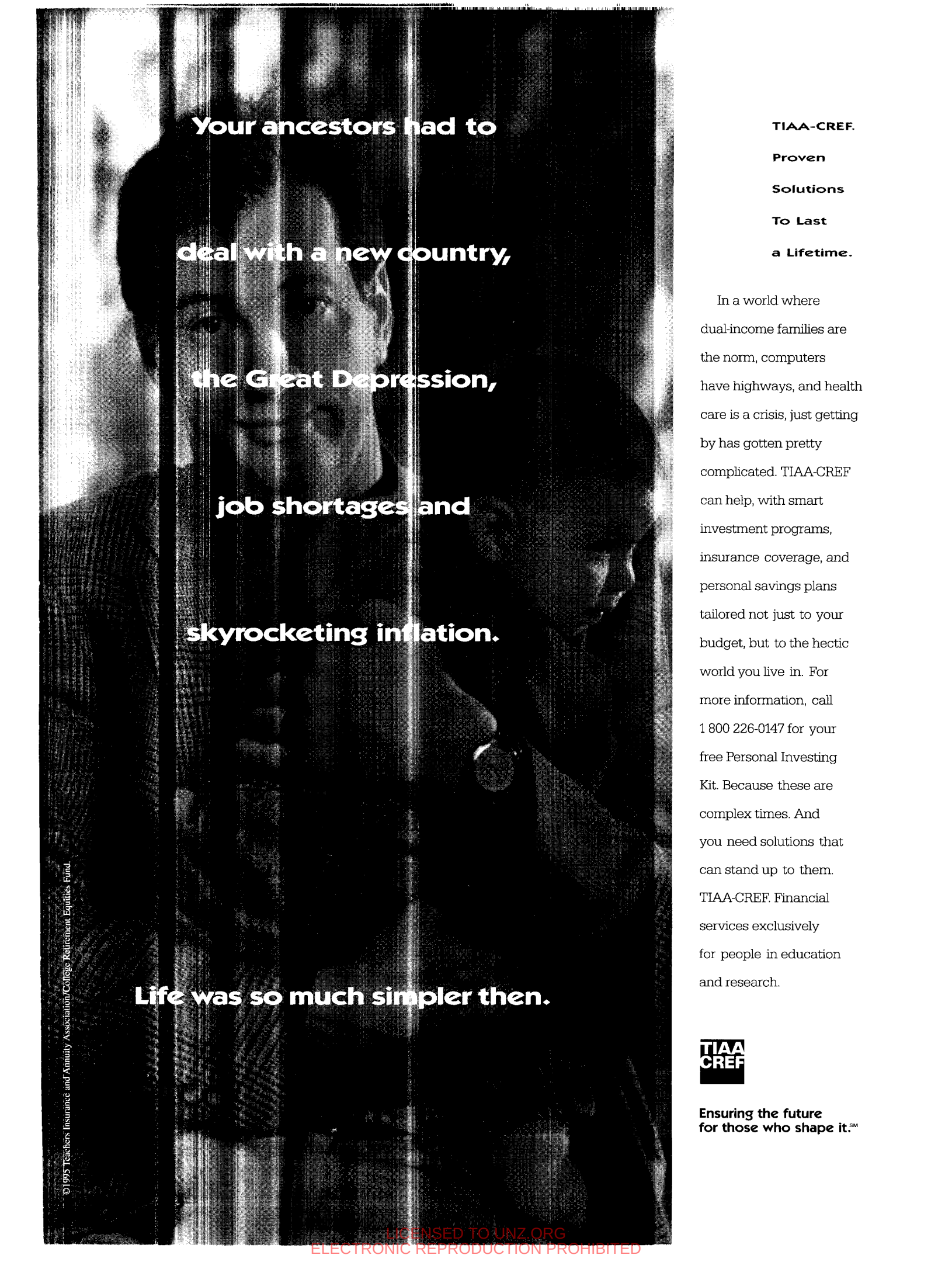
■ But a tip of the hat to Ambassador Donald McConnell in Ouagadougou, Burkina Faso, who concluded that 30 per cent of his American staff was not essential. Must be more tempting to go native in Paris than in Ouagadougou.

■ When Tina Brown, hip editor of *The New Yorker*, announced that Roseanne—no last names, please, we're famous—would guest-edit a special issue on women, the feeling in journalistic circles was that the *Tinadämmerung* had begun. It isn't that Roseanne is *lumpen* left—the magazine is as liberal as it was for years past. It isn't that Roseanne is gross—no surprise from an editorial regime that, among (many) other horrors, put a crucified Easter bunny on one cover. The reason folks feel Tina Brown's time is up is that Roseanne is passé. She has been gracing the pages of *People* and *The National Enquirer* for the better part of a decade. And yet, Tina Brown *just discovered her*. Fatal, for the High Priestess of Now. *The New Yorker*, whatever its ideological short-circuits, was once a beacon of urbanity and style. Those are different from hype and hip, as Miss Brown is at long last learning.

■ A California jury awarded \$1 million to a man who said he had been wrongly fired merely for weighing four hundred pounds. We'll drink to that, and make it a double chocolate malt.

The Great Black Hope

C OLIN POWELL began his 26-city publicity tour for *My American Journey* with a book signing in McLean, Virginia, at 11:30 on a Saturday morning. When *NR*'s reporter got to the store, at 10, there were already several hundred souls in line. He got his autographed copy three hours later. The outpouring was in part a tribute to the biggest PR push since Madonna's *Sex*, but only in part. Curiosity about Powell is a response to the powerful symbols he displays or incarnates. America is still the nation that



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put half a dozen generals in the White House, plus ten civilians with battlefield experience, beginning with former lieutenant James Monroe. The citizen army remains popular with the citizenry. The second symbol is Powell's race, and what he makes of it. Though he argues that there are ongoing racial injustices, he is no grievance peddler. This was his reaction to racism when he first encountered it in the South in the late Fifties: "If I was going to be confined to one end of the playing field, then I was going to be a star on that part of the field . . ." This credo, formulated at the time of the Montgomery bus boycott, suggests an alternative to the civil-rights movement—clearly a superior alternative to the black-power pork barrel the movement quickly became.

Dwight Eisenhower took a similar symbolic package—he lacked a racial angle, but he had beaten Rommel and Hitler—to the White House in 1952, and indeed Powell is being advised by Eisenhower biographer Stephen Ambrose and assorted old Eisenhower hands. Powell would be well advised to note, however, that the political world has changed in forty years. The pre-primary season is much longer, the scrutiny more intense. Not just personal scrutiny—Powell seems secure on the bimbo front—but ideological inspection.

As late as 1976, pro-lifers in Iowa could be bamboozled by Jimmy Carter's assertion that he was "personally opposed" to abortion. Not any more. When Powell told Barbara Walters that he believed the choice to abort was up to a woman, her family, her doctor, and her conscience, he alienated single-issue pro-lifers, and probably the Religious Right as well. If he is also opposed to federal funding of abortions, he will lose the hard-core feminists. If he intends to straddle the two camps—as newcomer candidate Steve Forbes does—then he must have an articulated position.

Similarly with affirmative action. Powell's utterances so far echo President Clinton's "mend it, don't end it." Clinton means that as an evasion: boob bait for Reagan Democrats, while the status quo continues. What does Powell mean? What about affirmative action is worth preserving? The California Civil Rights Initiative—a referendum opposing preferences, quotas, and set-asides, which will be on the same ballot as Powell if he wins some nomination—has 65 per cent support in the polls. What are Powell's thoughts on the revulsion against this failed social policy?

Powell says he is for the free-market system, and for lower taxation. But every Republican, and virtually every Democrat, says the same. Republicans have been scrimmaging for 15 years over the relative importance of tax-rate cuts and spending cuts. What does Powell think of that debate?

Colin Powell is a political hybrid—very savvy in the maneuvers of the Pentagon, the national-security establishment, and the West Wing, but a tyro in the politics of elections. He is like a cardinal who has spent his career in the Curia, without ever serving in a parish.

The Temptation of Senator Dole

He pinned up Betty Grable.

His songs are World War II.

Ralph Reed was merely pleasant.

His pollster's distant, too.

Comes Colin Powell, smelling

Like Boy Blue or Bo Peep,

Which tempts him (Does it tempt him!)

To tap the guy for Veep.

—W. H. VON DREELE



His experience is valuable to a would-be President—but he needs more.

The liberal mediocrats who are flocking to Powell would prefer, on the whole, that he not get it. They like him as what they think he now is: their stalking horse, in a race to beat the Republican Right before it sweeps from Capitol Hill to the White House. If Bill Clinton can't stop them head-on, maybe the Great Black Hope can pre-empt them from within the GOP.

We are not sure what Colin Powell really wants, but we suspect that it is something more than being a second John Anderson. Just possibly, one aspect of the hype will be correct, and his book tour can be an educational experience. If not, the hope he now offers will prove to be an illusion.

Worse than No Bill

FIRST, the good news: the Senate spent much of the last two weeks discussing the devastating effects of illegitimacy. For that, Sens. Grams, Gramm, and Faircloth—and Reps. Talent, McCrery, and Hutchinson—deserve enormous credit. The bad news is that the Senate then rejected efforts to deal, however gingerly, with the problem.

Still, we learned a lot from the debate:

—About the priorities of Catholic Charities. It opposed a Faircloth proposal to divert a mere 2 per cent of job-training funds to abstinence education.

—About Republican "moderates." They declined to make even a symbolic gesture against a welfare policy that actually *increases* benefits when single mothers have additional children. Under the proposed "family cap," states would be able to use their own revenues for this purpose although they couldn't use federal money—and since money is fungible, this restriction could be effectively bypassed if a state so decided. The "moderates" rejected even this.

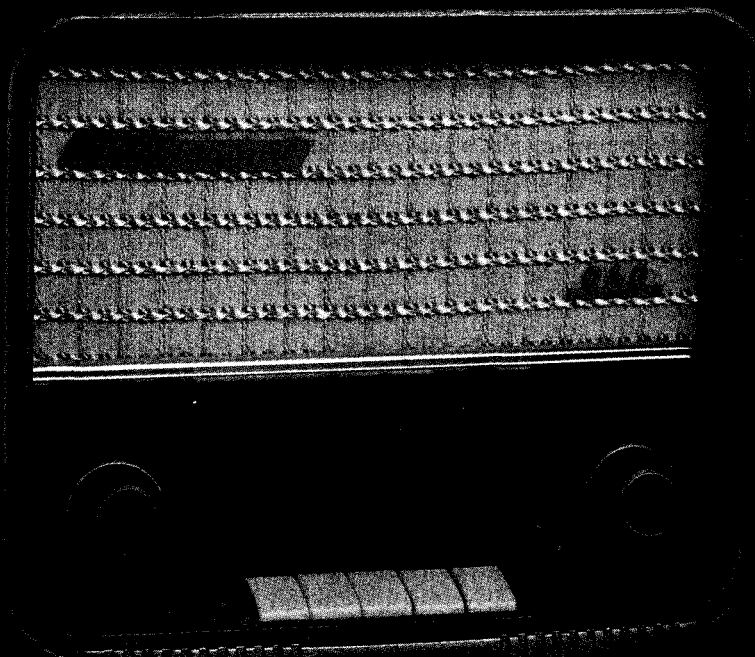
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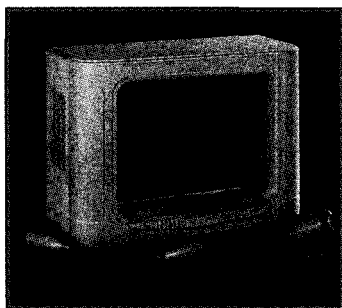
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—About the relation between fiscal conservatism and social liberalism. When push came to shove, Republicans who claim to support both found that the latter trumped the former.

—About Pete Domenici. He argued that welfare cut-offs both do and don't have effects on behavior (they won't reduce illegitimacy but will increase abortions). He fought to *require* states to continue spending on welfare at 80 per cent of current levels. So Congress can tell states how to spend tens of billions of their own revenues, but can't tell them how to spend federal revenues, even in a way that can be bypassed. Rarely have the federalist sentiments of Republican voters been exploited more hypocritically.

Still, it could have been worse. The senators voted to reward states that reduce their illegitimacy ratio without an increase in abortions (even this was too much for ten Republicans). And as a result of persistent attention to technical details on the part of Sens. Grams, Faircloth, and Gramm, the Senate bill is tougher on work than the House bill (no thanks to Sens. Dole and Packwood, whose original proposal was actually weaker in this respect than Sen. Daschle's Democratic alternative). Work requirements are worth supporting, not to push single mothers into the workforce, but to discourage them from going on welfare, and thus indirectly from becoming single mothers in the first place. But they are not a substitute for a direct assault on the root problem of state-sponsored illegitimacy. In an ominous sign, Michael McCurry, President Clinton's spokesman, cheered last week's votes: "They are beginning to move the legislation in the direction of real reform of our welfare system."

Most Republicans voted for the anti-illegitimacy measures; Bob Dole should appoint representatives of that majority sentiment to the conference reconciling the House and Senate versions of welfare reform. Conservatives should push in conference to restore the cash ban and family cap, and to allow the states to spend less. (They may also want to consider a possible compromise—a family cap and cash ban from which



I Love a Train Wreck

*I love to feel my neck hairs rise
When Casey Jones chugs over ties
In Engine 97 while
The banjos twang in country style,
So watching Newt roar toward the turn
May make the Clinton tummy churn
And all extremities turn puce,
But, hey, it keeps the bowels loose.*

—W. H. VON DREELE

states could opt out—since their goal all along has been to force states that want to keep destructive policies at least to debate them.)

Everyone in Washington seems to want to pass something called "welfare reform" this year, just as everyone thought we needed a "crime bill" last year. But a bad bill is worse than no bill. Sen. Faircloth voted against the Senate version on those grounds, and Sen. Gramm has declared that if the conference version "does not have an anti-illegitimacy provision, then I'm not going to vote for it." Others should follow their lead.

Peace Not at Hand

ON THE face of it, the news from Bosnia looks wonderful: a U.S.-brokered peace plan was accepted in Geneva on September 8 by Bosnia, Croatia, and Serbia. After a NATO air bombardment of unprecedented intensity, the Serbs agreed to remove their heavy weapons from around Sarajevo and to open two key roads to the city and the airport. Military action by Bosnian Croats had already reduced Serb-held areas from 70 per cent of Bosnia to 55 per cent (the peace plan would give the Serbs 49 per cent). All this has been widely hailed as a triumph especially for the United States, which took the lead diplomatically as well as militarily.

Alas, it now appears that the U.S. air attacks were carefully limited to ammunition dumps and radar and missile sites, not fundamental strategic Serb assets, nor even the heavy artillery and mortars that have threatened Bosnian civilians. The U.S. peace plan, while rolling the Serbs back, recognizes the "Serb Republic" inside Bosnia as a "constituent entity" of the country and allows it a common border with Serbia. In other words, the forcible realignment of populations—a/k/a ethnic cleansing—will be ratified. U.S. ground troops may even enter Bosnia as part of an international force to monitor such a "peace." Defense Secretary William Perry is talking about two or three U.S. brigades, or about 15,000 troops. Enforcers of an unjust peace, too few in number and hobbled by UN restrictions, they risk being fired on by all sides.

Had the arms embargo been lifted two years ago, the Bosnians would have fought their way to a better outcome, earlier. Hold the Nobel Peace Prizes.

The End: Still Nigh

A UNITED NATIONS panel on climate change is due to meet soon, but the *New York Times* already knows what it will say: The sky is falling. East Coast beaches will disappear; floods, fires, droughts, and pestilence will arrive; and we'll suffer



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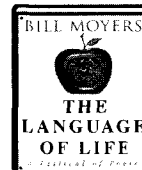
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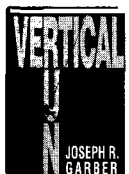


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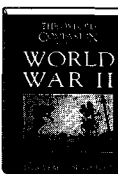
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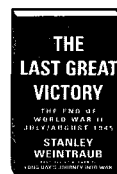
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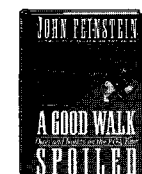
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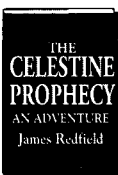
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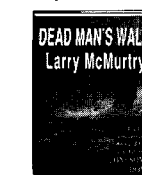
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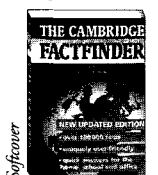
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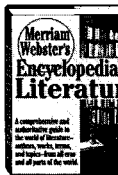
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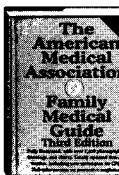
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#011

more lethal heat waves like this summer's because the average surface temperature of the globe has risen by about 1° Fahrenheit over the last century, "with the steepest rise taking place in the last forty years," says the *Times*.

But don't move to the mountains yet. Most of the measured global temperature increases occurred before 1940, not after. According to a report of the George C. Marshall Institute, there has been "no statistically significant" warming trend over the past fifty years. Satellite measurements have been conducted consistently worldwide since 1979, and, according to the latest issue of *World Climate Report*, "there is no warming trend" registered in them.

Robert Davis, a climatologist at the University of Virginia, even questions whether a warming trend would have some of the effects the *Times* posits. Global-warming models predict milder winters, and greater warming at the Poles and at night than at the Equator and during the day. Climate science suggests that the average strength of storms would actually decrease under such conditions, because extreme weather events are driven by large temperature differences. "I'm afraid it's a rather dull conclusion that won't sell many newspapers," Dr. Davis adds.

He needn't worry. If one scare scenario doesn't work, the *Times* can always move to another. Twenty years ago, its headlines warned: "Major Cooling Widely Considered to Be Inevitable." Some say the world will end in fire, some say in ice. The *Times* says both.

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Memo to: WFB
From: EAC

Dear Bill: Would you remind our readers that this is their final opportunity to join you, Robert Bork, Ralph Reed, and our editors on *NR*'s Fortieth Anniversary cruise? It leaves Ft. Lauderdale on October 28 and returns on November 4. All they need to do to reserve a cabin is call 800-707-1634. Thanks.

■ Memo to: Bill
From: Priscilla

I know our readers will be interested in knowing that Jan Lukas turned eighty on August 8. The Czech Ministry of Culture is sponsoring a huge retrospective of his work in Prague, President Havel attending the opening. The government invited Jan and his wife and daughters to Czechoslovakia for two weeks as guests of

the Republic. You'll recognize the photograph used on the announcements of the event [see below] from our 1984 Reagan Re-election cover.

Priscilla: Thanks for the reminder. Jan Lukas is the regular photographer for *Firing Line*. More important, you and I put his photographs on the cover of *NR* more than one hundred times in eight years. xxB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I am a college senior taking a course in contemporary political ideologies. The textbook for this course devotes a large section to socialism. In the introduction to this section the editor states, "Karl Marx was not the first, though he is the most famous, socialist.

Socialist themes are as old as . . . Christ's Sermon on the Mount (the poor in spirit are blessed; the reign of God is theirs)."

I freely admit that I am a product of the university's business school, not the political-science department. Thus, I defer to you. Just what, exactly, does Christ's reference to the condition of the human soul have to do with a political system that forcibly seeks to redistribute wealth?

Respectfully yours,
James L. McAlpin
Mathiston, Miss.

Dear Mr. McAlpin: Nothing. Cordially,
—WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

As one who admires your concern for precision, I hope that you will allow me to call to your attention a statistical error you made in discussing the DNA evidence at the O. J. Simpson trial.

The experts tell us that O. J. Simpson's DNA pattern can be expected to appear in 1 individual out of 4 billion. However, it does not follow that "the chances are 4 billion to 1 that [these samples don't exist in another human being]," as you wrote. The staggering 4 billion to 1 odds are the odds against finding this pattern in any *specific* person, say, William Buckley. Of course, the odds of finding this pattern in *some* member of a large population are considerably better. If we estimate the population of California at 30 million, there is a 0.75 per cent chance that *some* other Californian has the same DNA pattern. Given all the other evidence in this case, the conclusion should not change, but one should recognize that a 0.75 per cent chance is much greater than a 1 in 4 billion chance.

Sincerely,
Jonathan L. Edwards
Lexington, Ky.

Dear Mr. Edwards: I stand corrected. . . . Are you any relation to *the* J.E.? Cordially,
—WFB





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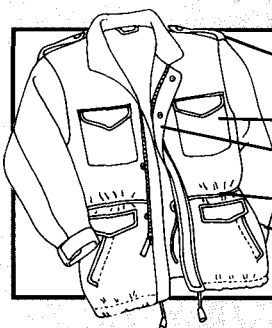
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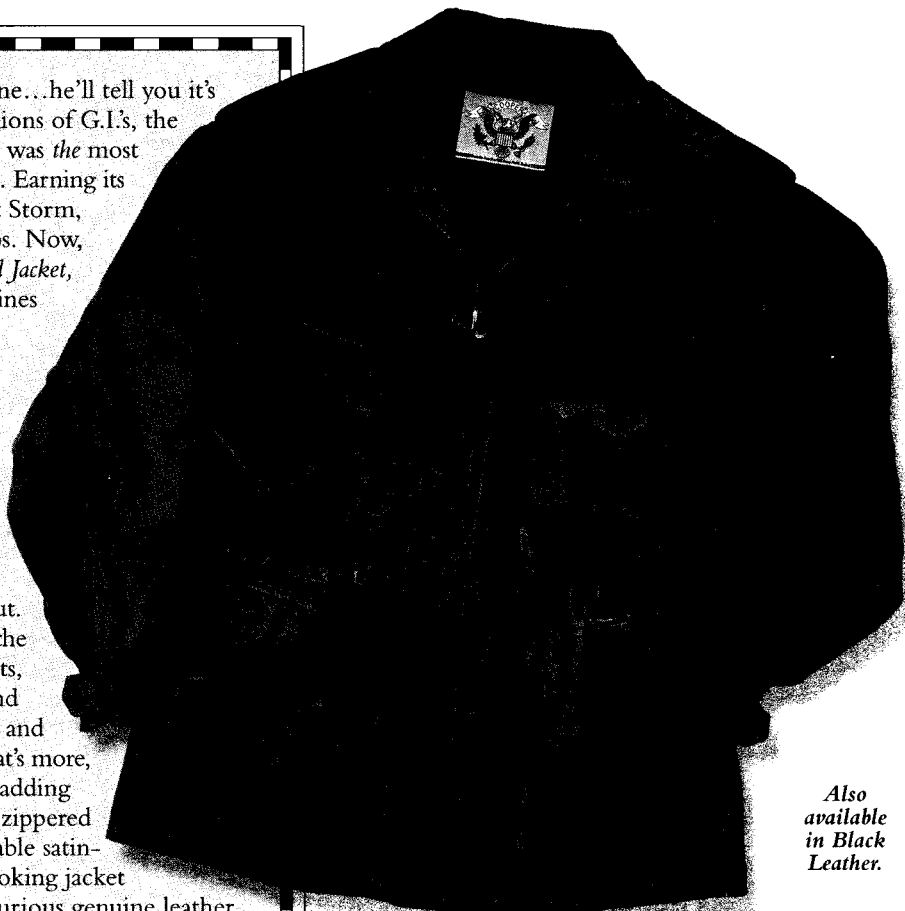
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CAPITAL SCENE

What Became of the FBI?

MARK LEVIN



WASHINGTON, D.C.

IN NOVEMBER 1987, Cuban inmates rioted and took over Oakdale Federal Detention Center in Louisiana. Shortly thereafter, Cuban inmates did the same at the Atlanta Federal Penitentiary. More than 100 hostages were taken in both places, including guards, other employees, and prisoners. I was assigned by then Attorney General Edwin Meese, my boss, to assist him in monitoring these emergencies.

The FBI's Hostage Rescue Team (HRT) was dispatched to Oakdale to work with Bureau of Prison (BOP) officials. When Atlanta was taken over, with the HRT busy in Oakdale, FBI SWAT teams from around the country were brought to Atlanta. But law enforcement in Atlanta was without some specialized capabilities, including demolition, snipers, and helicopter support. President Reagan, at the request of Mr. Meese, declared a state of emergency

and deployed Army Special Operations Forces to Atlanta in support of the FBI and BOP.

Mr. Meese personally headed a command group at the Justice Department in Washington, which was in constant contact with the FBI and BOP in Oakdale and Atlanta. The command group included top officials from the FBI, BOP, Marshals Service, Immigration and Naturalization Service, National Security Council, and State Department. All significant decisions were made by the attorney general after consultation with the command group and law-enforcement teams on the scene.

Early on, Attorney General Meese told the command group he did not want a repeat of Attica, where dozens of hostages and prisoners had been killed when New York State law-enforcement officials charged the prison. Hostage negotiators were among the first to arrive at Oakdale and Atlanta, and negotiations continued from the beginning to the end of the emergencies. We would take other action only if a hostage was in imminent danger. We were ready for war, but prepared to wait. A few weeks later, the uprisings ended without loss of life.

For the last ten days, Senator Arlen Specter's Senate Judiciary subcommittee on terrorism has been hearing testimony on a very different siege with a very different outcome.

Ruby Ridge is a remote mountaintop in northern Idaho. Randy and Vicki Weaver moved their family there from Iowa over a decade ago. They sought refuge from a government they did not trust, and freedom to practice their religious beliefs, which included the separation of races. They were not members of such violent or militant separatist groups as Aryan Nations or the Order. But over the years, Randy Weaver did attend three Aryan Nations meetings.

The Weavers' ordeal began in 1989 when a confidential informant for the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms persuaded Randy Weaver to sell him two sawed-off shotguns, thereby entrapping him. The ATF informant received \$5,000 for his help. There is no indication that, prior to meeting the informant, Weaver had ever sold illegal weapons to anyone.

The ATF then informed Weaver the United States attorney was considering bringing criminal charges against him for the gun sales, but might go easier on him if he turned informant against the Aryan Nations. Weaver refused, saying he would not become a "snitch."

Weaver was then charged. But why had the ATF entrapped him in the first place? His views were and are repugnant to most Americans, but he was not involved in unlawful activities. Was the ATF hoping to impress Congress and increase its budget with news stories touting its leadership in putting down separatists? Or was the ATF simply looking for illegal gun sales? In which case, why set up Weaver? Guns are sold illegally throughout the country, including on its doorstep in Washington, D.C., without any prompting by the ATF. This still remains to be explained.

In any event, Weaver failed to appear for trial on February 20, 1991. It is not clear whether he ever received correct information about the trial date, but he had no intention of appearing anyway, for he feared another government set-up. A bench warrant was issued for his arrest. Enter the U.S. marshals.

The ATF gave prosecutors (who passed it on to the marshals) blatantly false information about Weaver. The marshals, whose job it was to apprehend Weaver, were told: "Weaver is a suspect in several Eastern Washington and Western Montana bank robberies. An alleged accomplice in the robberies was arrested somewhere in Iowa and implicated a person believed to be Weaver during a confession. The accomplice has since escaped from custody with the assumption he could be on the Weaver property." What prompted this false report, which could only persuade the marshals that they were dealing with a desperate criminal? And that is exactly what it did.

For an astonishing 18 months, marshals mounted a surveillance operation on the Weavers—including 16-year-old Sara, 14-year-old Sammy, 10-year-old Rachel, and, later, 10-month-old El-

Mr. Levin, director of legal policy at Landmark Legal Foundation and a contributing editor of NR, served as chief-of-staff to Attorney General Edwin Meese.

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isheba—and their live-in family friend, Kevin Harris.

On August 21, 1992, six deputy marshals went to the Weavers' homestead to scout the place a final time. The marshals, part of the service's Special Operations Group, were not planning on confronting the Weavers. Nonetheless, they were well equipped, wearing camouflage clothing and outfitted with night-vision goggles, M-16 machine guns, and a machine gun with a silencer.

During this surveillance, Sammy Weaver's dog picked up the marshals' scent and chased them. Sammy and Kevin Harris, weapons in hand, followed the dog, believing it had spotted a wild animal. Not wanting to be discovered, and unable to outrun it, a marshal shot the dog. Sammy, angry at the killing of his dog, apparently shot his Mini-14 rifle in the marshals' direction. The marshals shot Sammy in the arm, and then shot him in the back as he ran away from them, killing him. Harris, returning fire, mortally wounded deputy marshal Billy Degan. Harris and the marshals then retreated. The gunfight was over.

During Senate testimony last week, two marshals, one of whom may have fired the bullet that killed Sammy Weaver, contended that Randy Weaver actually shot and killed the boy. This is a shocking claim; but it appears self-serving and concocted. There is no known evidence pointing to Randy as the slayer of his own son.

Within hours of the gun battle, the Marshals Service called the FBI in Washington for help. However, as Jess Walter, author of *Every Knee Shall Bow*, the definitive book on Ruby Ridge, explains, FBI officials in Washington wrongly believed "the surviving marshals were caught in an ongoing fire-fight and were pinned down by the Weaver family. Randy Weaver, they believed, was a highly trained Green Beret and Aryan Nations member who might have booby-trapped his mountain with bombs and grenades. . . . [F]ederal officials . . . knew nothing about Sam Weaver being killed or the dog being shot."

In this fog of misinformation, the FBI went into action. Larry Potts, head of the FBI's criminal division, ordered the FBI's elite Hostage Rescue Team, commanded by Richard Rogers, to go to Ruby Ridge. Rogers, apparently concerned about protecting his men, drafted new rules of engagement, which departed dramatically from existing

rules. FBI snipers "can and should" shoot any armed adult, whether or not their lives or the lives of others were in imminent danger. (Later, top FBI officials denied approving these "shoot-on-sight" rules, and apparently documentary evidence of their knowledge was destroyed. The matter is now the subject of a Justice Department investigation.)

Soon, Ruby Ridge became a military encampment. State police, marshals, and FBI agents invaded the mountain. Helicopters, armored personnel carriers, and even a robot were brought there. By the next day, August 22, 1992, *nine* HRT camouflaged snipers, briefed on the new rules of engagement, were positioned around the Weavers' cabin. Despite the presence of an FBI hostage negotiator, at this point no attempt was made to negotiate with the Weavers for their surrender.

In the course of the siege, an HRT sniper, Lon Horiuchi, apparently believed he had spotted Kevin Harris outside the cabin. It was actually Randy Weaver. Horiuchi fired a shot, hitting Weaver in the arm. Kevin Harris and Sara Weaver, who were also outside, ran toward the cabin for cover as Vicki Weaver called to them. Vicki held the door open with one arm, and held 10-month-old Elisheba with the other. As Sara, Kevin, and Randy pushed through the cabin door, Horiuchi fired a second shot. It blasted through the window in the door, struck Vicki in the right jaw, blew off much of her face, and killed her. The bullet entered Kevin Harris's upper left arm and critically wounded him.

Several FBI snipers told senators last week that they and a helicopter crew near the Weaver cabin were facing imminent danger from Randy Weaver and Kevin Harris when the shots were fired that wounded Randy and Kevin and killed Vicki. Senators Charles Grassley and Fred Thompson noted that they were attempting to justify these shootings under the *traditional* rules of engagement rather than the new illegal "shoot-on-sight" rules they had received. Very convenient.

HOW could these terrible events happen? Why did federal law enforcement unleash its arsenal against an eccentric mountain man and his family? Behind this incident lies a change in the conduct and control of law-enforcement authorities.

A retired senior FBI agent explains

that when J. Edgar Hoover ran the FBI, agents were taught to gain the respect and trust of the community, and to cooperate with citizens, by blending into society. They wore short haircuts, white shirts, and suits, and their handguns were carried under their jackets. Agents were trained to handle all criminal matters under the FBI's jurisdiction—from bank embezzlement to hostage situations. Hoover wanted accountants and lawyers who would be trained in the ways of the FBI. He resisted hiring even local policemen.

This approach began to change after Hoover's death. The 1970s saw a rise in terrorism. In response, the FBI created the SWAT (Special Weapons and Tactics) teams to help deal with it. Thus began the "compartmentalizing" of the FBI—the development of specialties—which Hoover had long opposed. In the beginning, SWAT teams were used in extremely dangerous situations, where there was a high potential for violence, e.g., someone saying, "I will not be taken alive and I have a machine gun." There are now FBI SWAT teams in every major city.

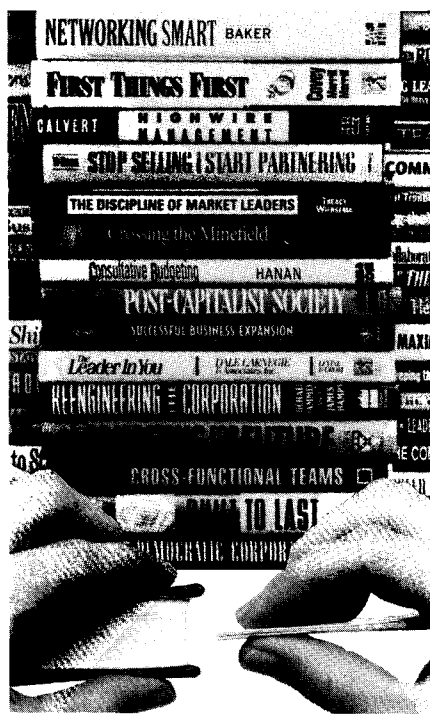
The former agent said SWAT teams attract "ex-cops and military personnel; they use military techniques and specialized weapons, and receive military-style training. They wear black or camouflage uniforms; no more suits. The SWAT teams get the best equipment and most glory. They're the military branch of the FBI. In fact, the FBI recruits military personnel, particularly ex-Marines, to join these teams. We called them the Marine mafia."

The Hostage Rescue Team, based at Quantico Marine Base in Virginia, was created in the early 1980s. It consists of several dozen agents. According to the retired agent, "The FBI felt it needed the capability to rescue hostages taken during the course of a terrorist act, such as the successful Israeli raid on Entebbe." He added, "HRT consists mostly of ex-military personnel, with an emphasis on Special Forces, Navy Seals, and so on.

"All they do is train and practice for confrontation. They're waiting for war to happen. Suddenly, the threat goes away. Do they say, Okay, let's all go home now? Do they say, Okay, I'll take the \$5,000 embezzlement case at NationsBank? No way. They're trained for war."

When the FBI was told that a highly trained Green Beret was conducting a

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shoot-out against marshals pinned down in the woods, it must have seemed the exact war for which they had been trained.

But civilian control over paramilitary police agencies is instituted precisely to prevent such gung-ho reactions. The former agent continued, "There's nothing wrong with this kind of training, but . . . there must be a strong attorney general. It's no wonder people are concerned about the FBI, Marshals, DEA, ATF—they're all decent guys, but they're trained to carry out orders and missions, not make policy. That's the attorney general's job. If FBI agents act in a rogue manner, who's responsible? The attorney general."

Despite the Senate hearings, we may never fully know the "big why"—why

federal law-enforcement agencies pursued, entrapped, and mounted a paramilitary operation against an isolated mountain man who was no apparent threat to anyone until the ATF came knocking. But this much is clear: paramilitary police agencies should be few in number, used only as a last resort—and then only to counter major threats to national security and public safety—and above all controlled by the top civilian official which, in the case of the FBI, is the attorney general.

It is not enough for an attorney general merely to accept responsibility for the deaths of children and other innocents at places like Ruby Ridge and Waco. He must seize and master responsibility, as Ed Meese did over the uprisings at Oakdale and Atlanta. □

sitions, particularly on health reform and budget balance, place the AFL-CIO several steps to the left of most union members.

The current race developed after Kirkland was forced to retire in June. Criticism had mounted as organized labor under him continued to lose both members and political power. The rap on Kirkland, recently delineated by John Judis in *The New Republic*, is that he was effete and out of touch with workers, preoccupied by foreign policy, and insufficiently aggressive and creative in organizing workers. Disgruntled union leaders led by Sweeney and Gerald McEntee, head of the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees (AFSCME), tried to persuade Donahue, long the AFL-CIO's number-two official, to run against Kirkland, but Donahue, out of loyalty to Kirkland, was unwilling. Only when Kirkland resigned did Donahue toss his hat in the ring, but too late to win the support of the rebels.

The labor movement is likely to turn more militant if, as expected, Sweeney wins the election next month. Many of the people in his camp have backgrounds in the New Left or in the left wing of the labor movement. His union, the SEIU, has a reputation for leftishness. It has worked with the radical Association of Community Organizations for Reform Now (ACORN), a group best known for threatening small-business owners with pickets and boycotts unless they hire "from the community" and give money to ACORN. Judis remarks that "SEIU is the only union with a gay and lesbian caucus." Sweeney's running-mates—Richard Trumka, head of the United Mine Workers, and Linda Chavez-Thompson, vice president—are more militant than he is. Trumka is young, smart, and telegenic; he is widely expected to dominate Sweeney's administration and to be his heir. Marshall Wittman, a former union staffer now at the Heritage Foundation, says, "These guys are closer to the Rainbow Coalition than they are to the Democratic National Committee in their outlook."

The dynamics of the campaign suggest that Donahue would take the AFL-CIO in the same direction as Sweeney, though slightly more slowly. The two men are trying to outbid each other not just on affirmative action, but also on promises to spend millions of dollars hiring union organizers and to engage

(Continues on page 68)

Labor Pains

RAMESH PONNURU



Roman Genn

WASHINGTON, D.C.

OVER Labor Day weekend, the two contenders for the presidency of the AFL-CIO were debating on *Meet the Press*. John Sweeney, head of the Service Employees International Union (SEIU), had just explained that "we really have to fight aggressively for affirmative action, especially in national policy." His rival, Thomas Donahue, interim president of the AFL-CIO, boasted that his running-mate was the first woman ever to hold one of the federation's top two offices. Sweeney's response: "We've gone a step

further, and we are nominating not only a woman, but a person of color . . ."

This is not your father's labor movement. George Meany's AFL-CIO fought the Nixon Administration's quota proposals. It was also anti-Communist: Meany refused to endorse George McGovern's 1972 presidential bid largely because of the latter's opposition to the Vietnam War. But in the late Seventies and early Eighties the labor movement began to move leftward, particularly on social issues. Labor's alliance with civil-rights groups dictated a reversal on quotas; its alliance with feminism dictated a reversal on the Equal Rights Amendment and support for "comparable worth" legislation. By 1983, the AFL-CIO was coming out for anti-discrimination laws to protect gays and lesbians.

As president of the AFL-CIO in the Eighties, Lane Kirkland maintained its anti-Communism, and many conservatives speak warmly of him for that reason. Otherwise, the AFL-CIO's agenda was indistinguishable from that of contemporary liberalism. In the last Congress, labor supported President Clinton's "Goals 2000" education program, national service, the tax-hiking 1993 budget, the inclusion of abortion as a health benefit for federal workers, the Violence against Women Act, and the Clinton health plan. It opposed the Balanced Budget Amendment and reform of unfunded mandates. These po-

Mr. Ponnuru is NR's national reporter.

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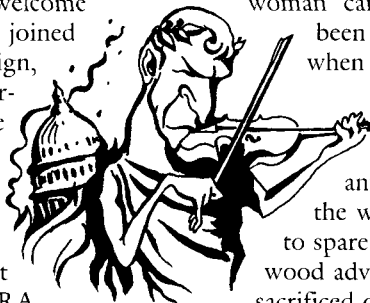
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HNRJ

BREAD & CIRCUSES

THE 1993 deposition reads, "After we arrived at my car, and I was in the process of unlocking it, he pulled me toward him, put his arms around me, and kissed me. He put his tongue in my mouth."

The woman who fended off Senator Bob Packwood's unwelcome tongue in 1980 had just joined his re-election campaign, having been urged by Gloria Steinem to help the GOP's most ardent supporter of abortion rights. Over the next few years, this victim of the Packwood Peck sent breezy notes and an ERA



T-shirt to the senator, giving every appearance of remaining one of his most enthusiastic backers. She was not exceptional among Packwood's accusers.

The documents released by the Senate Ethics Committee reveal that Bob Packwood got away with his mistreatment of women for over 25 years, not because his male colleagues "just didn't get it," but because his feminist followers protected him. As far as they were concerned, he was free to pursue and seduce women as long as he faithfully promoted abortion on demand.

Rumors of Packwood as masher go back to 1968, when he was first elected to the Senate. In 1970, he introduced the Senate's first bill to legalize abortion, thereby acquiring feminist immunity for his behavior. A lobbyist for the National Abortion Rights Action League, whom he grabbed in 1982 in his Senate office, now explains, "I was a lobbyist on an issue that I cared deeply about. Senator Packwood was important to us."

In Washington, Packwood was widely known to be a womanizer. New female hires were routinely warned by veteran staffers to avoid being alone with him in his office, where the libations flowed freely.

His feminist targets, who remained silent for years, now implausibly claim that Anita Hill "helped a lot of women name it." Until Anita Hill, apparently,

these women didn't know what Packwood had done to them? Less accomplished women could have put a name to Packwood's behavior when they were 12 years old.

As the Ethics Committee was deliberating Packwood's fate this August, a woman came forward who had been a 17-year-old intern when she was grabbed and kissed by the senator. Not one of his earlier victims had felt any obligation to blow the whistle on him in order to spare her a slobbering Packwood advance. "Sisterhood" was sacrificed on the altar of abortion rights.

Packwood first claimed no memory of the assaults, then attempted to discredit his accusers, and finally admitted wrongdoing, but raised the feminist defense. He reminded one Oregon audience of "those lonely and solitary hours in the late Seventies and early Eighties defending *Roe v. Wade*, trying to prevent its reversal or dismemberment. I led the fight." Only when the charges became public were the feminists forced to act. Women's-rights advocates quickly formed "Oregonians for Ethical Representation" to drive him out of office.

Other feminists took to the opinion pages to express their incomprehension over the apparent contradiction between Packwood's public and private behavior. Ellen Goodman couldn't figure out how "a certified friend of feminism" could take such liberties. It is difficult "to acknowledge bad seeds in good guys," wrote Mrs. Goodman.

Feminist "good guy" Packwood may be, but he evidently believes women are interchangeable and disposable. Packwood diaries disclose that when the charges became public late in 1992, he was busy juggling intimate relationships with two women. When he told his wife that he wanted out of their 26-year marriage, Georgie Packwood testified, he made clear "he did not wish personal responsibility of any kind and that . . . he did not want to furnish money or any

support for the children or for me."

Packwood's contortions to avoid his basic obligations to his wife and family, despite a yearly income of \$125,000, led to an ethics charge of soliciting improper favors from individuals with business before the Senate. According to the diaries, one lobbyist agreed to guarantee \$7,500 a year for five years toward Georgie Packwood's support, which he said he could double if Packwood became chairman of the Finance Committee.

In fact, Bob Packwood's public and private lives can be easily reconciled by recognizing that the feminist philosophy he espouses encourages male irresponsibility toward women. Abortion provides a refuge for unreliable men like Packwood, who seek sex without commitment and flee from the responsibilities of marriage and family. In the Senate, he sought to advance his anti-family views by arguing that tax breaks should be denied families who had too many children, and by insisting that subsidized illegitimacy is a matter of "reproductive freedom."

THE Packwood diaries are a depressing display of world-class vanity and self-absorption. He writes of seducing one woman he had just met by taking her to the Senate gallery, where he points out important colleagues and she watches him vote. She's wowed. Who needs etchings when the U.S. Senate is so seductive?

His compulsion to detail his "successful exploits" means that Senate business gets short shrift in the diaries. Diary entry, Aug. 3, 1993: "I met very briefly with [name blanked out], who is up for some position. She's a controversial woman who headed the Health Department in Arkansas. She seems okay to me." One of President Clinton's most indefensible nominations thus won crucial support from this senior Republican senator.

Packwood's colleagues too were unwilling to criticize his behavior until finally they were driven to do so by his stonewalling and grandstanding. In Washington, it is far easier to impose a legal sanction, as the Ethics Committee recommended in this case, than a moral judgment. Now that the full record of his shabby conduct is public, senators should spare us their praise for Packwood's legislative acumen and instead show the moral disdain the man richly deserves. —KATE O'BEIRNE

Learn the Truth About J. Edgar Hoover's FBI . . . From the Only Man Alive Who Knows It

This is "the book that had to be written," says columnist Jack Anderson. Adds former U.S. Congressman Samuel L. Devine, "No other person in the world knows more about J. Edgar Hoover than Deke DeLoach."

Over the years, the left has produced tome after tome of wild speculation about what went on inside the FBI—the world's most famous and mysterious law enforcement agency. Hoover has been called a racist, a sexual pervert, a black-mailer and a tyrant with no respect for American freedoms.

And then there have been the adulatory books, according to which the original G-man could do no wrong.

Look Inside Hoover's Inner Circle

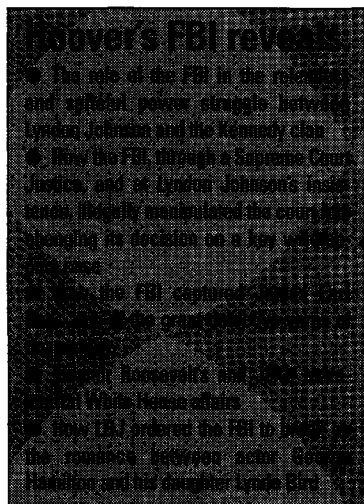
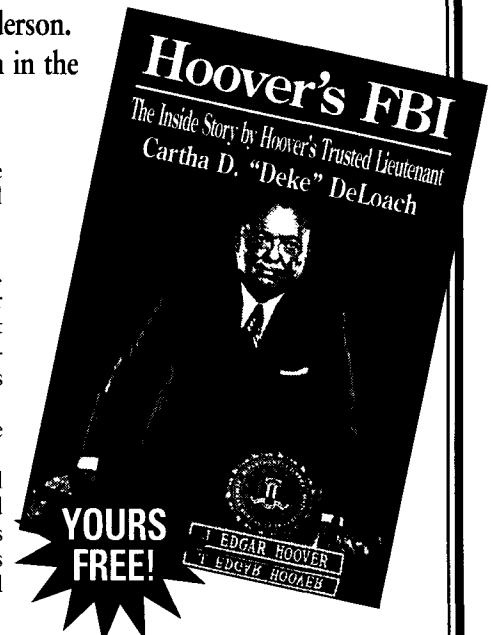
Now, for the first time, a member of Hoover's inner circle speaks. Deke DeLoach, an FBI agent for more than 28 years—who became the Bureau's deputy director, third in command, and a personal confidant of

Hoover's—has written *Hoover's FBI*, the first portrait of Hoover and the FBI that will ring true to objective readers.

WARNING: DeLoach pulls no punches. This book will disappoint both rabid Hoover haters and uncritical Hoover worshippers. It reveals the phenomenal power of this intriguing organization and how that power was used—sometimes correctly, sometimes not.

Yes, Hoover did abuse his power, and he broke the law.

But as DeLoach shows—and this will drive liberals wild—the men who ordered Hoover to repeatedly violate the civil rights of American citizens were liberal icons like Bobby Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson and Bill Moyers.



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- ✓ The "secret files" Hoover allegedly kept to blackmail hostile members of Congress

Deke DeLoach was privy to Hoover's thoughts and deeds during the Bureau's most tumultuous years. *Hoover's FBI* is a gripping account of a modern government agency caught on a tightrope between ambitious liberal politicians and the limits of the law.

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ON THE SCENE

Saddam's Last Hurrah?

NIK GOWING



Dennis Dittich

AR RIVING in Baghdad on the lavish, under-used six-lane highway from Jordan, you cannot fail to see the anti-aircraft batteries manned and apparently primed as if an aerial attack is expected imminently. Alongside Abu Ghraib prison, Republican Guards in their crimson berets check all traffic entering the capital. Papers scrutinized. Cars searched. Eyes seeking out suggestions of any potential for insurrection.

At a first taste, the atmospherics seemed ominous. They justify that twinge of anxiety which kept recurring during the 14-hour drive in 104° heat across the desert from the Jordanian capital, Amman. Yet in my time I have felt more anxious elsewhere: in Bosnia, Kabul, Havana. By comparison the neat, extravagant expanses of President Saddam's unimaginative concrete buildings seem comforting.

Mr. Gowing is Diplomatic Editor for Independent Television News's Channel Four News, London. The views expressed are personal and do not represent those of ITN.

"Get to Baghdad. This could be the beginning of the end," my foreign editor had urged. It sounded far-fetched. But I had just rolled off a holiday beach in Brittany and was in no position to challenge his judgment.

"This" was the much-trumpeted defection on August 8 of Saddam Hussein's cousin and son-in-law, Lt. General Hussein Kamel Hassan al-Majid. By now he had addressed an American-inspired international press conference in Amman. Staying in one of King Hussein's heavily guarded palaces, he was also said to be revealing all to CIA debriefers about both the unrevealed parts of Saddam Hussein's weapons of mass destruction and the inner workings of the Ba'athist regime.

In Baghdad the handful of Iraqi officials made available to me did not hide their shock. They were destabilized by the defections. Now a vicious propaganda onslaught was heaping on Hussein Kamel blame for all Iraq's ills: her economic implosion, her international pariah status, the failure to disclose all to UN weapons inspectors, and (for good measure) a plan to invade Kuwait.

A crisis? Of internal confidence in Saddam's regime, most certainly. But the start of a coup or imminent collapse? Increasingly severe malnutrition and the middle classes' having to sell furniture or carpets to buy food is sapping Iraqis' will, but not to the point of blaming Saddam.

Desperate middle-class Iraqis with whom I shared a few quiet, private moments blamed the West, not Saddam Hussein, for their privations. They all listen to foreign radio stations. But they said Saddam was right to reject the UN's oil-revenues-for-humanitarian-aid resolution, even if the effects left them earning the equivalent of between \$2 and \$4 a month.

"A military coup and a popular revo-

lution are coming. The Iraqis want to get rid of the regime," General Hussein Kamel's fellow defector and brother, Major Izzedine Mohammed Hassan al-Majid, told the Associated Press in a telephone interview on August 21.

But after a week of modest official journalistic access inside Iraq, as well as other contacts, I have great doubts. The wild rumors circulating in Amman feed on themselves and satisfy a circle of analysts and Iraqi exiles hungry for news. They suggest that Hussein Kamel has provided priceless insights—"singing like a canary," according to one report. But even as the minister for military industries and minerals, and one of the chief butchers of the Shias, how much did Kamel really know?

Misinformation is not just from Saddam's side. The divided exile community pumps out claims of rebellions and murdered military officers or officials. Western governments—especially the U.S.—often provide guarded corroboration, which adds instant credibility and therefore a guaranteed pick-up by heavyweight newspapers.

But virtually nothing can be checked and confirmed before the sub-editors on newspapers or worldwide radio stations draft their headlines like "Iraqi troops in 'fight to the death' with Saddam" (*Daily Telegraph*, June 15, 1995), and the claims then become the unquestioned record.

"How do you find out accurately what's happening in Iraq for your telegrams?" I asked one Western official whose job is to gather information, analyze, and report back to his capital.

"Not easy if you can't go there," he shrugged a touch bashfully. "We piece it together—somehow."

From my clippings I went through with him a list of alleged uprisings reported in recent weeks. They included a full-blown battle in May in Armada, two hours west of Baghdad, and another on June 14 in Abu Ghraib, a suburb nine miles west of the Iraqi capital.

Hussein Kamel could have gained extra credibility with Washington by confirming that the regime was rattled by a security crisis. Instead he denied at his press conference that the Armada unrest ever took place.

And Abu Ghraib?

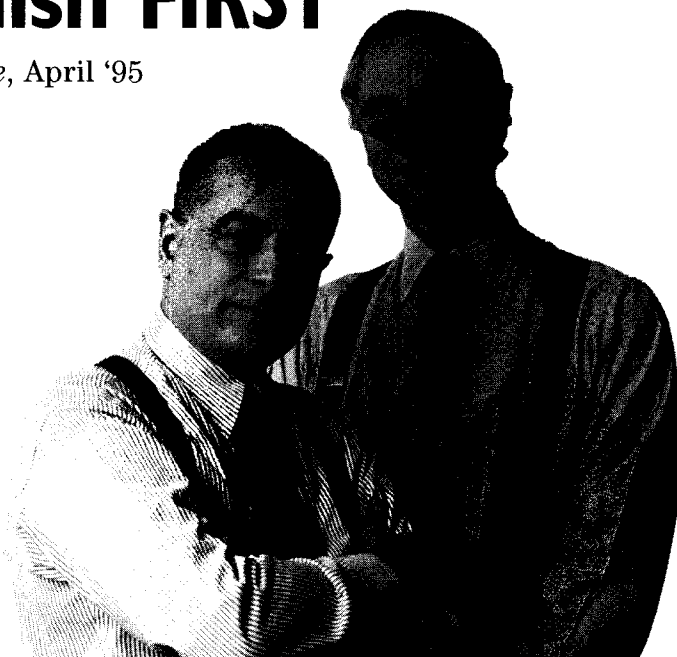
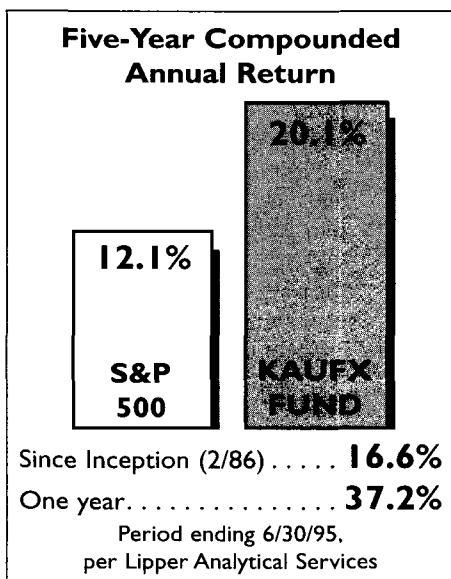
"Abu Ghraib never happened," the Western official said without a hint of doubt. Travelers reaching Jordan had passed freely through Abu Ghraib at the time when tanks from the Republican

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Guards, helicopters, and armored vehicles were said to be crushing a rebellion by the July 14 Battalion and attacking the city's giant radio transmitters. None of them saw anything. Diplomats in Baghdad who visited the town found no evidence either.

On June 15 a U.S. State Department official had reported: "We can confirm that there was a mutiny by a small number of Republican Guard armored troops in Abu Ghurayb [*sic*] . . . The mutiny involved tanks . . . It was apparently put down by other Republican Guard units."

As far as the Clinton Administration was concerned, Abu Ghraib had taken place. And the general who had led the mutiny, General Turki Ismail Al-Duleimi, was dead, having killed himself in disgrace after the rebellion failed and his 1,200 troops were "wiped out."

It was only by chance that I discovered that the general was actually still alive.

My request to visit a weapons-production factory had run into the ground because UN inspectors were in town. The ministerial interviews I had requested were not going to materialize. I had already delayed my departure for Amman by two days, believing I might strike lucky. But no. After the luck of a visit to Tikrit, President Saddam's home city and powerbase, the dead hand of officialdom finally felled me.

With my departure back across the desert scheduled for the next morning, I asked to visit Abu Ghraib with only a scant explanation as to why. The initiative was mine, not the regime's. With no eye to timeliness, and with the sun sinking fast, at 6 P.M. the Minister of Information approved.

"And General Turki Ismail Al-Duleimi?" I asked. "I want to see him."

"Why not." A phone call to the general's home 60 miles west of Baghdad went unanswered. I decided to travel there on the off chance.

We reached the village of Al Khaldiah in the pitch dark. A few of the family were at home, lingering on the veranda in the dark of a power cut. "The general is not at home. We will find him." By the light of an oil lamp they phoned the neighbors. I sent my driver to collect the general and paced anxiously in the evening heat. Twenty minutes later he sauntered in, swinging his worry beads.

"You should have told me before you came so I could provide Arab hospitality," he complained.

Even now, I do not doubt his surprise at my unscheduled arrival. Neither do others who have studied my tape rushes. The general changed into his black and gold-braided *abeya* gown. Watched by his uncles, brothers, and sons, I then challenged the general who was said to have led a rebellion, then killed himself in disgrace.

On June 14, he had attended the mourning *fatih*a for a friend who had died. "I was surprised at the way everybody was looking at me. I asked one of the people sitting near me. He said they had heard in the Western media that I had staged a coup against the state."

"So you know the reports I am talking about?" I asked.

"I know them. I have heard them." His responses were unemotional and matter-of-fact.

"Are you the only General Al-Duleimi: the only Ismail Turki Al-Duleimi in the army?"

"Yes, I am the only Ismail Turki Al-Duleimi in the army of that rank, even in other ranks above captain."

"Were you ever commander of the July 14 Battalion?"

"No, never."

"You were never associated with that battalion?"

"No, not at all."

He was not amused at the suggestion I was interviewing a dead general, or

any thought that he was an impostor. Despite the potential for concocting the wildest of conspiracy and disinformation theories, I believed that the circumstances of my surprise visit made a cunning deception virtually impossible.

The only nagging query was the reversing of his two first names. This was not Turki Ismail but Ismail Turki. Otherwise how had a 49-year-old former infantry general—who had spent seven months as a prisoner of war in Saudi Arabia in 1991 and been retired for three years—been named as the mastermind of a coup against the state?

Outside Iraq, diplomatic sources later confirmed that their military database had no record of another General Turki Ismail Al-Duleimi.

None of this proves that an uprising will not happen, or that Saddam Hussein is not tottering. It does, however, highlight the gulf between wishful thinking and pragmatism, between expectations and reality.

Skeptics may claim that this correspondent was nobbled. But one Western source later told me that in a rare moment of candor a U.S. official had said that Washington knowingly stoked claims of what happened in Abu Ghraib in order to provoke something bigger.

Like General Al-Duleimi, Iraq is full of questions and contradictions, but few logical answers. □

Debugging Immigration

NORMAN MATLOFF

IN mid-September dozens of lobbyists for firms in the computer industry descended upon Capitol Hill. Companies such as Microsoft and Sun Microsystems protested that congressional plans to place restrictions on skills-based immigration policies would undermine America's leadership in the world computer industry. Histrionics were the preferred mode of communication, as in Sun vice president Ken Alvarez's claim that the legislation "is going to kill us" by blocking Sun's ability to hire "the best talent in the world."

Yet this rhetoric simply does not jibe

Mr. Matloff, a former software developer in Silicon Valley, is a professor of computer studies at the University of California at Davis.

with the facts. America's major technological advances in the computer industry have overwhelmingly been made by native talent. This can be seen in rough form, for example, in the awards given by the Association for Computing Machinery (ACM), the nation's leading computer-science professional society. Of the 39 recipients of the ACM Software System Awards, only one has been an immigrant. Of the 17 recipients of the Eckert-Mauchly Award, given for advances in computer hardware, none has been an immigrant.

The true situation has little to do with "talent," and has a lot to do with employers' desires to hire cheap, compliant labor.

For example, Lev Ivanov (a pseudonym) immigrated to the U.S. from Russia 15 years ago. He recently had a

startling experience when he interviewed for a position with a software firm in New York. First, Ivanov was surprised to find that almost all the company's technical staff were foreign-born. He was even more taken aback when the employer, expressing interest in hiring him, began to explain how the company would sponsor him for immigration. When Ivanov replied that he was already a naturalized U.S. citizen, he was told that the company was no longer interested in him.

Foreign nationals are quite happy to accept lower salaries in exchange for green cards. A statistical analysis performed by the author of the 1990 Census data revealed that average salaries for foreign-born computer professionals in Silicon Valley were nearly \$7,000 lower than for natives of the same age and level of education.

There is no shortage of domestic labor. Working with data from the Bureau of Labor Statistics, Softpac of Austin, Texas, estimates that the software industry needed approximately 40,000 new workers in 1994. This is less than the 51,000 new computer-science graduates our universities produced that year. Softpac notes that though these numbers are only approximations, they certainly call into question the 30,000 work visas granted to foreign computer programmers in 1994.

Employers counter that they cannot find American workers who are "qualified" for the jobs being filled by foreign nationals. What this means is that the employers have overdefined job requirements, insisting on experience with specific software technologies. Such requirements, even if set by sincere employers, are usually unwarranted. Microsoft lobbyist Ira Rubinstein, for example, claims that Microsoft hires foreign nationals because "[the foreign workers] have specific skills [needed for the industry] . . . to remain technologically competitive." Yet even Rubinstein's own boss, Microsoft's CEO and founder, Bill Gates, disagrees. Asked last year about hiring criteria Gates said, "We're not looking for any specific knowledge, because things change so fast, and it's easy to learn stuff. You've got to have an excitement about software, a certain intelligence . . . It's not the specific knowledge that counts."

Any competent programmer can become productive in a new technology within a month or so. A study cited by software-engineering guru Barry

Boehm, for example, indicates that programmers reach about 80 per cent of their full productivity in a new technology within one month, and full productivity within four months.

Employers' claims that they need workers with advanced degrees do not hold water either. Though graduate study does have a beneficial broadening effect, there are virtually no jobs which need skills taught in a graduate curriculum. Gates does not even have a bachelor's degree, let alone graduate training. Neither does Larry Ellison, founder and CEO of the database/software giant Oracle—another heavy importer of foreign computer programmers. Intellectual power, not paper credentials, is what really counts.

Employers' obsession with credentials also forms a major obstacle to the 20,000 programmers laid off from the de-



Alan J. Nahigian

fense industry. With only a modest degree of retraining, these proven software engineers could be making valuable contributions in the computer industry. Instead, most are now working in nontechnical jobs; some are even security guards and pizza deliverers.

Another factor underlying the hiring of foreign nationals is the phenomenon of networked hiring within an immigrant group. This has often been cited by immigration economists in analyses of low-skilled labor, but it occurs with high-tech jobs as well. In Silicon Valley *immigrant* is virtually synonymous with *Chinese*. Among foreign-born computer professionals there, approximately three-fourths are of Chinese ethnicity. One often sees Silicon Valley companies with certain divisions that are almost entirely Chinese. (Many Chinese engineers in

Silicon Valley spend the majority of a typical day speaking Mandarin.) Most hiring is done via word of mouth, so the Chinese-immigrant social network ensures that the group will continue to be Chinese, with U.S. natives completely unaware of job openings.

The concentration of Chinese in Silicon Valley led immigration commentator Francis Fukuyama to draw the conclusion that the computer industry depends on ethnic Chinese for its technical edge. Yet, quite contrary to Fukuyama's inference, Chinese cultural traits actually tend to produce a negative result. The rote-memory approach to learning in Chinese, Japanese, and other East Asian cultures tends to produce workers who are not innovative, not good at problem solving, and in need of excessive amounts of supervisory help.

This is again reflected in the ACM awards for industrial innovation. Of the 56 award winners, there are no foreign-born Chinese and only one Chinese-American. Similarly, in spite of the large numbers of Chinese foreign students in U.S. computer-science PhD programs, of the 35 ACM awards for outstanding PhD dissertations, none of the recipients has been of Chinese ethnicity (20 have been U.S. natives, 5 have been from Europe and Israel, and 5 from India). Again, virtually no jobs in the computing field require graduate work, but this complete lack of Chinese winners of the dissertation award further illustrates the basic cultural problem: the rote-memory approach to learning—called *tian yazi*, "Stuff the duck"—is simply not conducive to technical creativity.

Supporters of the current immigration policy regarding skilled immigrants claim that if American employers are not allowed to hire immigrant computer professionals at low wages in the U.S., the employers will ship the work to foreign countries. It is true that some companies are experimenting with this, but it is not likely to become the major mode of operation of the industry. The misunderstandings caused by long-distance communication and the problems of highly disparate time zones can result in major difficulties, unmet deadlines, and a general loss of productivity.

Computers play a vital role in our nation's economy and its defense infrastructure—as vital a role as oil. Excessive use of imported workers is arguably as risky as relying on imported oil. Genuine policy reform is imperative. □

The Secret Garden

GEORGE JONAS



Roman Genn

TORONTO
THE tent in the garden is about 20 feet by 20 feet. It is large enough to accommodate a long table laden with salad bowls and sandwiches. The twenty or thirty guests, family and neighbors, are nibbling crackers and chatting in small groups. The focus of the gathering is a woman in her early seventies. She looks matronly and vigorous, with unusually blue, mischievous eyes. She offers plates of food and kisses new arrivals and departing guests on the cheek, while a 1-year-old girl clutches at her skirt.

Nothing in the peaceful scene hints at historic distinction or international intrigue. In fact, many of the guests at the party assume it is simply to celebrate some occasion in a local grandmother's life. They would be quite astounded by some of the telegrams in a white envelope lying on a separate table next to the rest of the gifts.

But the telegrams are shown only to family members and a few selected guests by the eldest daughter. One reads, in part: "When you and your husband crossed over to freedom, you began the long process that led to the eventual collapse of the Soviet Union. His revelation helped the West to face up to the reality of Communist subversion and tyranny. Those of us who later fought the battle for freedom to its cli-

max in 1989 and 1991 were greatly in his debt—and in yours." The telegram is signed Margaret Thatcher.

THE Cold War began during the first week of September 1945, when a young code clerk at the Soviet embassy in Ottawa decided not to return with his family to the Soviet Union. That August, while the atomic bombs exploded over Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Igor Gouzenko had been discussing defection with his wife, Svetlana, in their small Ottawa apartment. Their final decision was prompted by their growing affection for Canada, coupled with a belief that they might not survive their recall to Moscow.

As a cipher clerk Gouzenko knew a great deal about a Soviet spy ring operating through the office of Colonel Zabolotin of the GRU (military intelligence). The aim of Zabolotin's spy ring was to secure atomic secrets. While being privy to such information might lead to a brilliant career in the Soviet apparat, it might also lead to the Gulag.

Having made his decision, Gouzenko took 109 documents from the Soviet embassy on the evening of September 5 and hid them under his shirt. The same night he went to the editorial offices of the *Ottawa Journal*, thinking that it would be safer to report his defection to a newspaper than to the police. The puzzled night editors of the *Journal* turned him away.

For two harrowing days, with a pregnant wife and their 2-year-old son in tow, Gouzenko tried to convince incredulous Canadian journalists and Ministry of Justice officials that he was worthy of a hearing. Having failed, the family sought refuge with a neighbor. By then Soviet agents were breaking down their apartment door. In the end it was this act of the Soviets that prompted a neighbor to call the police.

After five months of debriefing and the hearings of the Kellock-Taschereau Royal Commission of 1946, Gouzenko's 109 documents led directly to the conviction of 11 Canadians and Britons. They included a sitting member of Parliament, Fred Rose, the atomic-energy scientist Allan Nunn May, and the organizing secretary of Canada's Communist

Party, Sam Carr. In America Gouzenko's evidence led the FBI to such figures of atomic espionage as Klaus Fuchs, Harry Gold, and the Rosenbergs. Gouzenko's revelations started a process that ended in the collapse of the Soviet empire 45 years later.

The Gouzenkos made a choice and paid a price. Family members left behind in the Soviet Union perished in labor camps. They themselves have led a clandestine existence. To this day Svetlana and her family live under assumed names. For security reasons, the children were told nothing about their backgrounds and were not allowed to learn Russian.

Gouzenko himself did not expect to survive for more than five years. In fact, when he died, in 1982, it was of natural causes. But the Kremlin never forgave his defection. The last known "sleeper" sent to assassinate him was activated after nearly twenty years (he gave himself up instead to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.)

In the autumn garden under the tent these events seem far away. There is only a great-grandmother with blue, mischievous eyes, and a large family—perhaps to replace the family lost in camps of Stalin and his successors. They are ordinary Canadians—teachers, designers, meteorologists—drinking beer and fruit punch under evergreens planted by a young code clerk forty-odd years ago.

Just a family gathering, except for telegrams in a white envelope. One from the historian and newspaper magnate Conrad Black: "The uniquely important information transmitted 50 years ago and the courage shown by you and your family over a long and difficult period have been an inspiration and a direct benefit to millions of people." Another from William F. Buckley Jr.: "I join with the tens of millions of beneficiaries of your husband's courage in commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of his great, historic exposure." A handwritten note from Nathan (Anatoli) Sharansky: "Those who lived through the oppression of the KGB and the Gulag and survived to be a witness and a participant in the victory over Communism, well understand and remember to whom the world is obliged for starting the struggle toward this victory."

Only Svetlana reads Sharansky's note. There is no point in showing it to family members and guests. It is written in Russian, a language no one else in the garden can understand. □

Mr. Jonas is a columnist for the *Toronto Sun*.

GEKKO

■ "Who thinks the bond will die now? Even those who are bearish are reluctant to admit it." Most of my friends look on sentiment as a contrary indicator—that is, if the world is cheery, they're pessimistic. As the bond trader quoted above implies, that means that interest rates are about to rise.

So . . . as an Ian Fleming villain might ask, is it, Good-bye, Mr. Bond?

I think it is, if not immediately, then not long from now. This might seem perverse, since I am on record as looking forward to a much weaker than expected economy in the fourth quarter of this year and the first quarter of next year. Recessions are supposed to be good news for the bond, as the demand for funds for spending and investment goes into reverse, and money seeks comfort in fixed income. But frequently, that is not the case at the beginning of a recession. Commodity-price inflation usually peaks well after the economy. Look at the recessions in 1980 and 1990. They were also characterized by interest-rate peaks and rises in commodities prices.

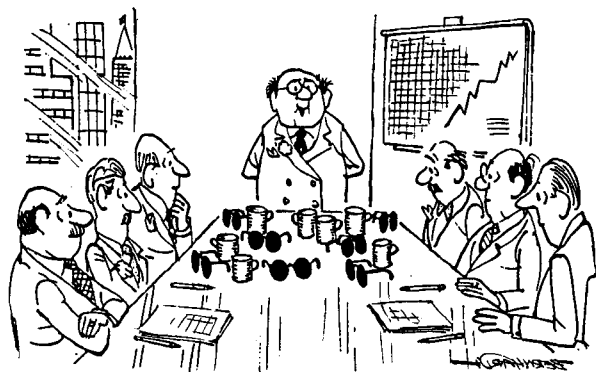
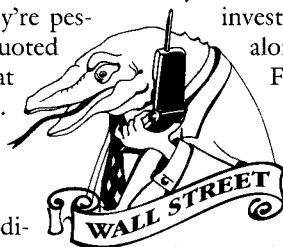
And while there is almost no upward pressure on wages (which is part of the reason why I think demand will be weak enough to lead to a recession), we are beginning to see a breakout in the range of commodities prices. The CRB index, which is the commodities index that is the best indicator of how bonds will do—if it's up the bond is down and vice versa—is finally bouncing up, thanks in part to the rise in grain prices. Also, gold, which has been lying in a range like a piece of road kill, is being bought by commercial users in a big way. Historically, that has usually preceded a bull market in the metal—and a bear market in the bond.

A bond bear would get further comfort by looking at just who is buying the bond these days and who isn't. Here Jim Bianco of Arbor Trading has done some good statistical work. "The flow

of funds tells me the bond market is in deep doo-doo. Only \$2 billion has come into the bond mutual funds, net, all year. That's a lot less than individual investors have given to Jeff Vinik alone." (Vinik, the manager of Fidelity's Magellan Fund, is the villain of the American bear community, thanks to his successful bullish investing.)

The broad-based small-investor interest that powered much of the recovery in the bond market during this market cycle has been replaced by foreign central banks and leveraged investors such as the big New York banks and the hedge funds. "It's clear from my data," Bianco says, "that most investors have been increasing their equity investments and decreasing their bond commitments." The problem with depending on the leveraged investors is that they have the fidelity of a Joey Buttafuoco. The moment gold or the commodity indexes pop up, they're going to be out of there. Then the U.S. Government market is going to be completely at the mercy of the Bank of Japan and its minions. And the trade surplus the BOJ recycles is shrinking.

■ When we do get into the next serious recession, one of the few cheerful places on the Street is likely to be the offices of BDS. BDS stands for Bankrupt and Distressed Securities. (It used to be R. D. Smith & Co. until Randy Smith moved



"You may be wondering just how we're going to raise this much-needed capital . . ."

on to put his money to work in places like Russia.) Appropriately, BDS's house symbol, a drawing of which hangs in its reception area, is a huge vulture with its wings spread over Wall Street. But lately, the vultures have been hungry.

To a contrarian such as your correspondent, that suggests it's time to look at the market for toxic-waste paper. So I went to have a chat with Scott Donahue of BDS. "This is the trough of the cycle," Scott lamented. It's not that there's no demand for his paper—there's not enough supply. "The low in junk-bond issues was 1990, and the issues since then haven't had the time they need to go bad. The junk in recent years is structured better, and the default rate will be lower, but even if they go bad at half the rate of the Drexel paper, we'll be happy."

So there is hope for the future of bankruptcy professionals. More junk bonds have been issued since the fall of Mike Milken and the bankruptcy of Drexel Burnham than were issued before Mike came along or during his reign. Some of that paper is bound to be based on too much optimism.

Donahue is cautiously optimistic about the future of distress and disaster. "There's a continuing shakeout among the retailers—look at Caldor. The airlines will always be a source of business for us; they just keep shooting themselves in the foot. Then there are the opportunities created by the lawyers, like the Dow Corning bankruptcy. We like that paper.

"But it's not like it was. In the good old days—1990 or so—there was more business than we could handle. Now, whenever there's more supply, you get all these M&A arbitrageurs swarming over a deal." When that happens, the bankrupt paper gets bid up too fast.

Scott should cheer up—things will get worse.

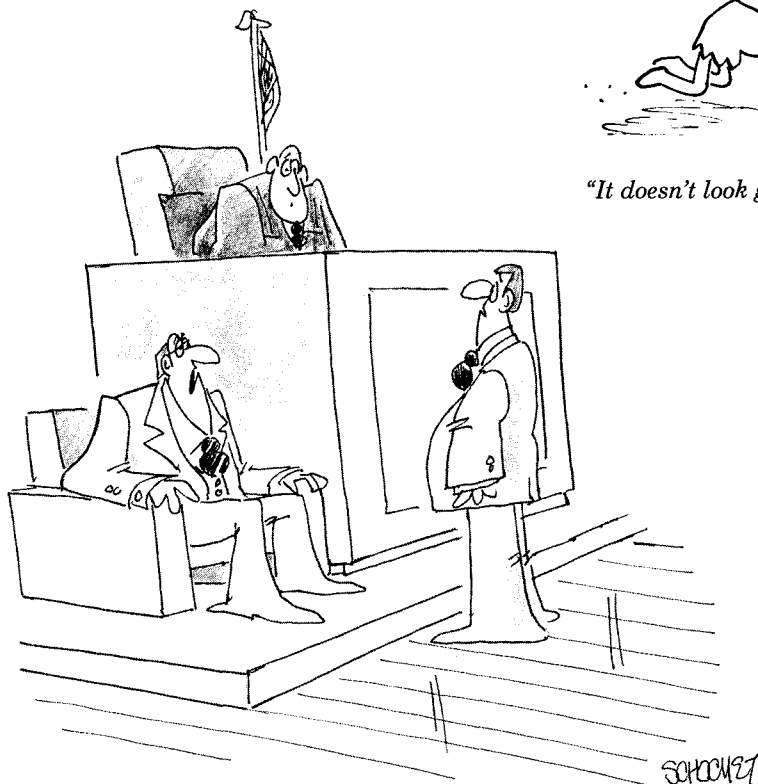
■ I regret to inform my readers that a gremlin infiltrated NATIONAL REVIEW and dropped a "1" from the annualized returns of Dan Sullivan's *Chartist* portfolio. The sentence in our September 25 issue should have read: "As the name suggests, Dan uses technical analysis, and he has turned in a +16.8 per cent return over 15 years, which might satisfy the *Times*."

—JOHN DIZARD

help



"It doesn't look good—we're down to our last jar of moisturizer."



"I'll have you know I paid a lot of money to get on the ethics committee."

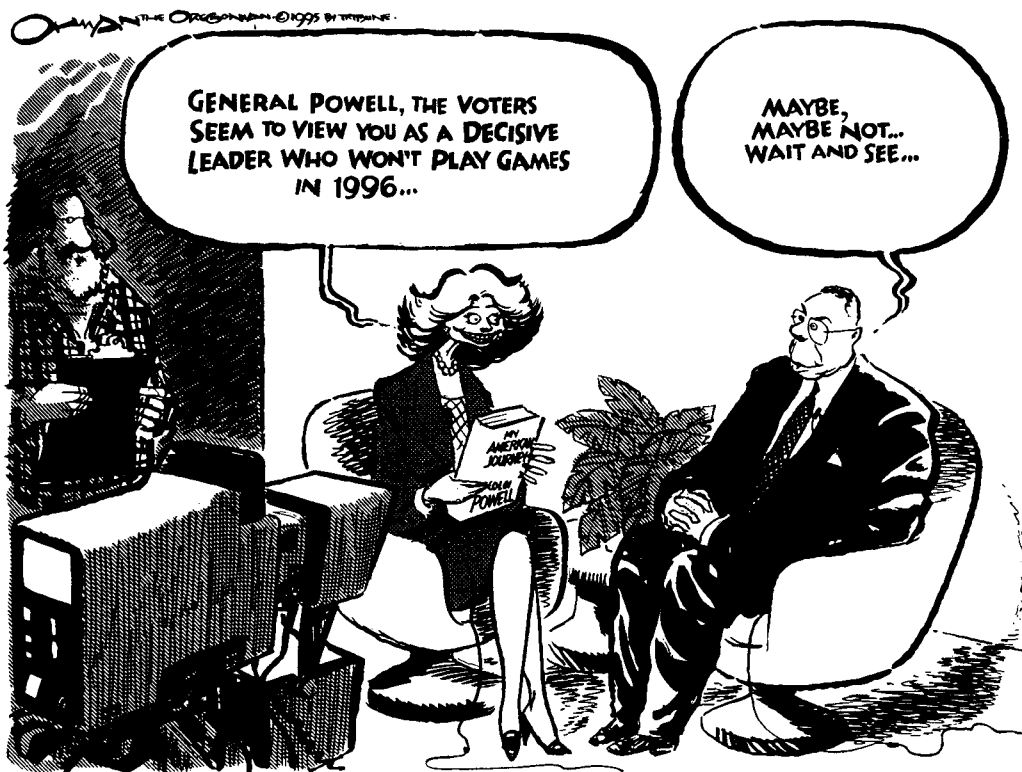


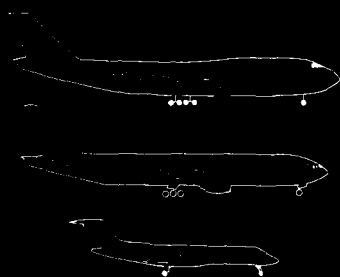
"Before you kiss me I think it's only fair to inform you that I'm gay."

The Unstoppable Mrs. Clinton

*With Bella mad and Ms. Friedan
E-mailing blasts from her divan
As Third World ladies jeered their hosts,
The Mrs. modified her toasts
To Ding and Dong and Wun Hung Lo.
But neither dark of night nor snow
Can slow her when she's China-bound
And all her motors have been wound.*

W. H. VON DREELE





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*

Myth of the Racist Cabbie

*As racism declines as a social force in America,
blacks confront a new problem—rational discrimination.
What, if anything, should be done about this?*

DINESH D'SOUZA

A GENERATION after the civil-rights movement, Americans are once again engaged in a radical rethinking of their attitudes toward race. Racial preferences are now opposed by the vast majority of Americans; even among blacks, there is a new and vibrant diversity of opinion on the subject. Yet so far no one has questioned the very premises of the discussion. The basic assumption of our current racial debate is still that racism is the theory and discrimination is the practice. Racism is said to be based on "prejudices," which constitute judgments made in the absence of evidence, and "stereotypes," which are grossly misleading generalizations about groups. The obvious solutions, promoted by Martin Luther King and other activists, were twofold: statutes intended to outlaw racial discrimination, and social and educational programs to increase interaction between groups. As whites regularly lived and worked with blacks, their attitudes and actions toward them were expected to undergo a transformation, as ignorant prejudices gave way to enlightened acceptance.

As a result of these policies, state-sponsored segregation is dead; overt and arbitrary racial discrimination has greatly abated; white attitudes have undergone a revolutionary transformation in favor of equal rights in employment, housing, voting, and education; and there is a large and thriving black middle class. Yet, at the same time, the prevailing civil-rights model, and the laws and policies based on it, now seem irrelevant to contemporary problems, such as the lurid sufferings of the underclass, which have worsened over the past few decades. Consequently the debate seems to have been polarized and

stalled by the crosscurrents of white backlash, black rage, and liberal despair. African American scholar Derrick Bell conveys some of the regnant frustration: "We have made progress in everything, yet nothing has changed."

Perhaps one way to gain an enlarged perspective on our current situation is to step back and turn our assumptions into questions. Are there circumstances in which discrimination actually makes sense? Are people who discriminate against people of other races by definition racist? Might prejudices reflect not ignorant predisposition but prudent judgment?



THE problems with the prevailing civil-rights paradigm become evident when we examine the most widely cited contemporary example of racial discrimination—the refusal of many taxidivers to pick up young African-American males. In a recent article, Gregory Wright commented in the *Washington Post*:

As an African American, I am fed up with having to flag down five cabs before finding one that will take me home, fed up with feeling anger, embarrassment, and frustration when cabdrivers swear they are off-duty and then pick up a white customer before I can get around the corner. Taxidivers, many of whom come from Africa, the Caribbean, and the Middle East, say they don't want to pick up African-American passengers because they are afraid of being robbed, assaulted, or murdered. One Nigerian cabdriver told me he only picks up African Americans who are well dressed and look like businessmen. For African Americans, this discrimination can be inconvenient and downright humiliating.

It is easy to sympathize with the indignation expressed at such flagrant acts of racial discrimination. Yet according to Wright's own account, many of the cabdrivers who

Mr. D'Souza, who is John M. Olin Scholar at the American Enterprise Institute, is the author of The End of Racism, just published by the Free Press

NR West



Published in Conjunction with
The Claremont Institute

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Law and Disorder

JOHN MARINI

THERE is trouble brewing in the states of the Old American West. In some parts of Nevada, uniformed agents of the U.S. Forest Service and the Bureau of Land Management have been refused service in stores and restaurants. Offices of the BLM have been bombed. Clashes between citizens and federal agents on public land have escalated. The Board of Supervisors of Nye County, Nevada, has gone so far as to declare county ownership of all public land within the county. In an earlier day, it would have been time to call in the U.S. Marshall, or better yet the U.S. Cavalry. Alas, this time the Federal Government cannot provide the solution to the problem. Out West the Federal Government *is* the problem.

The current crisis of public authority in America, which is most visible in the West, is a result of the growth of the administrative state. This is not a new problem in America, nor is it confined to the West.

Throughout the country, public opinion polls have chronicled a steady decline of confidence in the Federal Government since 1965. It was in this period that the Federal Government began to tackle the social and economic problems of all Americans, as well as the political problems of all the state and local governments. In doing so, it created a highly centralized administrative apparatus—using states and local governments to do federal bidding—which is committed to resolving every problem which afflicts human life.

THE national government, which had done a tolerable job of establishing justice, insuring domestic tranquillity, and providing for the common defense, was not up to the task of remaking human society and human nature. It is questionable whether any government can solve, satisfactorily, the age-old problems of ignorance, poverty, crime, health, and environmental pollution. At least one thing is clear: no government can do so in a way that allows for individual freedom.

In the old days, people went West because they valued liberty. It is not surprising that Westerners today are in the forefront of denying their consent to a government which they perceive as a threat to their liberty. It is no wonder that in some states—notably New Mexico and Nevada—the people have turned to local governments to challenge federal authority, resulting in the “county movement.” In other places, citizens who have lost faith in government at all levels have turned to private militias to defend themselves. Again, what is clear is that there is a palpable and growing anger which is directed especially at Washington. What fuels this resentment is the perception that the Constitution no longer limits the power of the Federal Government. With the consolidation of the administrative state, the Federal Government has been transformed from one of limited power, which protects individual rights, to one of unlimited power, which is committed to solving social problems, whatever the cost.

It was almost inevitable that the expansion of the administrative state would cause the most problems in the West, because it is there that the federal presence is greatest. Take the ownership of land: The Federal Government owns about 3.5 per cent of the land in the Northeastern states; 3.8 per cent in the Midwest; 5 per cent in the South; and a whopping 60 per cent in the West. In the state of Nevada, the Federal Government owns more than 85 per cent of the land. When the Federal Government attempts to clean the rivers and the air, and to protect the land and everything upon it, it must have considerable power. Individual rights and private property must give way to public purpose. Moreover, those federal agents engaged in carrying out these public purposes are engaged in the work of heaven. They can be forgiven for their excessive zeal. But as noted already, they have engendered considerable animosity.

(Continues on page West-4)

WEST WORLD

■ Pete Wilson's aides insist his dropping out of Iowa does not reduce the chance of a California Republican winning the White House, but we still think Bob Dornan is a long shot.

■ Oakland Athletics second baseman Steve Sax will be retiring from baseball after this season to run for the California Assembly. Tommy Lasorda, his manager for many years in Los Angeles—where he is well-remembered for his difficulties in relaying a ground ball even fifty feet to first base—has remarked, "Sax will throw his hat in the ring—and miss."

■ What gives in the Pacific Northwest? First Washington Governor Mike Lowry paid a former spokeswoman \$97,500 in an out-of-court settlement following an accusation of sexual harassment. Now the sexual escapades revealed in Senator Packwood's amazing diaries—apparently due on grocery-store book racks within two weeks—have chased him from office and, although he seems oblivious to the fact, heaped humiliation on him. The former Mrs. Packwood remarked that "truth is stranger than fiction," and we agree. What is not strange to us—although it is portrayed as such by the liberal media—is that a longtime proponent of abortion (or as David Broder would have it, a "progressive Republican") would turn out to be a sexual libertine and boor. The equation of "pro-abortion" with "pro-woman" has never made sense, which is why the agreement of feminist and social-conservative groups on the Packwood question was a temporary aberration at best.

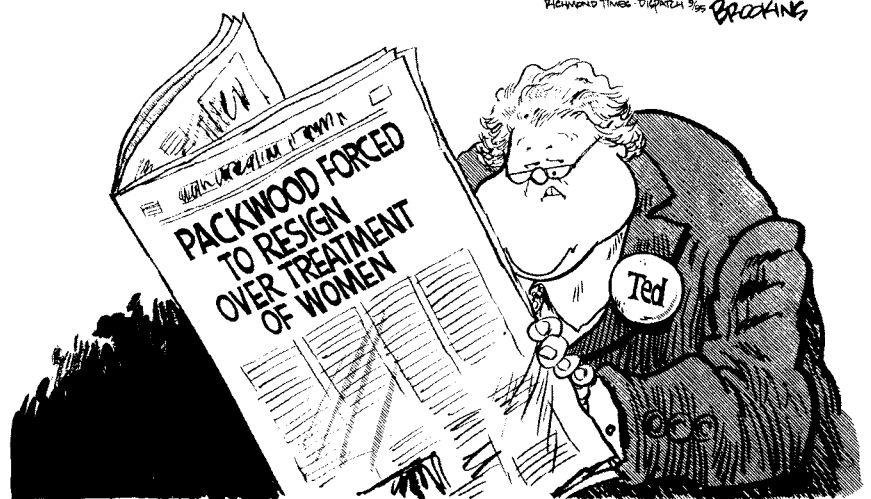
■ A Portland restaurant will welcome Mr. Packwood home with a new dish: Tongue Sandwich.

■ Californians have as much reason for embarrassment as their neighbors to the north, and her name is Senator Barbara Boxer. Her chest-thumping Thelma-and-Louise act during the Packwood ordeal has been uncomely and, what is more, transparently hypocritical. Where is her moral outrage, after all, about Chappaquiddick, which occurred about the same time as some of the alleged Packwood offenses that seemed almost to unhinge her—and none of which produced a corpse. When will she take the floor and assert hysterically that her Democrat colleagues Gerry Studds—a congressman who had a sexual affair with a young male page—and Barney Frank—a congressman whose house was used by his male lover to run a prostitution ring—"just don't get it." Come to think of it, when will she call the husband of the sister of her son-in-law, Mr. Bill Clinton, onto

the carpet for his own well-documented record of sexual harassment?

■ The Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors recently proposed a variety of new taxes to a group of business leaders to help the supervisors out of their worst fiscal crisis ever. But the business folks weren't biting. To raise taxes to feed the bloated behemoth of L.A. County government would be "like giving drugs to a drug addict," said Carol E. Schatz, president of the Central City Association. Supervisor Zev Yaroslavsky took umbrage, and angrily offered a retort that captures at once the moral stature and the political promise of post-modern American liberalism: "But even drug addicts, as they are taken off their habit, are given methadone and other things." Fellow supervisors Gloria Molina and Yvonne Brathwaite Burke indignantly joined Yaroslavsky on the moral high ground. We say, put them in a padded cell and let them sweat it out.

■ The 241,000-member California Teachers Association (CTA) is the liberal heart of the state's Democratic Party machine. It is able to wield its great power because, as someone once observed, it is a "a near-monopoly supplier to a government-enforced monopoly consumer." What form does education take in the collective mind of the CTA? A 48-page calendar for the year 1996, published by the group, gives you some idea. Under the heading of "Dates to Remember," the CTA calendar exhausts the PC catalogue. Teachers are advised to begin the academic year by observing Hispanic Heritage Month. The fandangos are, however, to be interrupted for American Indian Day (September 22), it being left unclear whether this should be a pre-Hispanic, Hispanic, or anti-Hispanic celebration. Any children in summer school had gingerly approached the Hispanic month by acknowledging Women's Equality Day (August 26)—which is perhaps a non-Hispanic or ante-Hispanic celebration. No matter, all quibbling is dissolved on National Coming Out Day (October 11), which is quickly and justly followed by United Nations Day (October 24). In December we move on to Kwanzaa, the authentic ancient African harvest festival invented in the Sixties by an American college professor,



International Human Rights Day, and on December 29, the anniversary of Wounded Knee. Understandably, among such august occasions, Christmas goes unmentioned, as do Independence Day and Labor Day. But the calendar does not miss Nirvana Day or Muharram Day (a Muslim holy day). May is Asian/Pacific Heritage Month. And June includes not only Flag Day but the anniversary of the "Stonewall Rebellion," a 1969 homosexual riot in New York City.

■ Question: Why did the toad cross the road? Answer: he didn't. We have previously paid notice to Davis, California, in this space when it passed draconian anti-smoking legislation, when it arrested a sleepy citizen for snoring too loudly in her own residence, and when the city council blocked downtown businesses from repaving alleys, citing the historical value of the pits and holes therein. Now the trendy college town has spent \$14,000 building an underground tunnel for toads, allowing them to move about town freely without risking life and limb by crossing any streets. Next up: tree elevators for crippled birds?

■ Handicapped-rights activists—or should that be differently-abled-rights activists?—attempted again to disrupt Jerry Lewis's Labor Day telethon. Held this year in Hollywood rather than Las Vegas, the telethon raised nearly \$48 million for research toward a cure for muscular dystrophy. But one of the wheelchair-bound leaders of the sometimes violent protest complained that celebrity tents and trailers had been erected over handicapped parking places—always in short supply in the West, as we all know—at the studio where the telethon was held. More importantly, he said (or actually shouted): "We want them to stop this charity racket. We're sick of it. We don't want any more schmaltzy, pity-on-parade stuff on television." Ironically, just a month before, the same activists had marked the fifth anniversary of the Americans with Disabilities Act with a lot of angry rhetoric about Congress "gutting" the ADA for the sake of budget cutting. This is remarkable. The activists attack voluntary charitable giving while demanding coercive policies that place an unfair burden on business and are often completely absurd—e.g., wheelchair ramps for handicapped referees at boxing rings. These guys are handicapped all right, and perhaps not only below the neck.

■ The handicapped aren't the only cranky interest group these days. Hundreds of Indians traveled East to Washington, D.C., to complain about plans to cut the budget of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. Tribal representatives wore long red ribbons, not to mention feathered headdresses, and held signs referring to "The First Contracts with Americans" and threatening "Trick or Treaty." But they undermined their own arguments for maintaining the status quo by pointing out that the ten poorest counties in the U.S. are on Indian reservations, and that poverty, unemployment, alcoholism, dropout and infant mortality rates on reservations far exceed those in the rest of the country. The reason for this is the status quo: many of these reservations are simply islands of socialism where the U.S. Constitution doesn't apply.

■ Like the politician who called a press conference to deny the charge that he was an idiot, Bill Clinton spiced his Wyoming vacation with denials that his administration is waging a War on the West. "One of the things that amuses me," he said at one point, "is the constant drumbeat of assertion out here that I, of all people, try to make war on the West. All I can say is that if I've tried, I've done a poor job of it. You all seem to be doing pretty well these days." Of course this was spoken at the Rancher Bar in the yuppie, not-really-very-Western tourist area of Jackson Hole. We can suggest other communities where the President might better gauge how Westerners are doing and what they are thinking. (See "Law and Disorder," page West-1.) One would be Woodfords, California, which is suing the U.S. Forest Service for the property damage caused by a forest fire eight years ago. When this fire first started and could easily have been contained, the Forest Service refused to let the Woodfords Volunteer Fire Department near the fire to put it out, since the fire was on federal land. But Forest Service and Bureau of Land Management firefighting equipment wasn't working, and the fire grew out of control and caused \$5 million worth of property damage. The Ninth Circuit Court of Appeal in San Francisco has just refused a government motion to have this suit thrown out, and a trial will now proceed in Sacramento. Like other complaints against the feds in the West, this one has to do with respecting people's property and helping (at least in the sense of not hindering) those who help themselves. It is no wonder that, after patronizing tourist bars and exclusive golf courses and hanging around with movie stars like Harrison Ford, whose eight-hundred-acre ranch lies outside the town of Jackson, the President is simply "amused" by Western unrest.

■ At least four of the cast of dozens known as the O. J. Simpson Defense Team arrived in court on September 11 wearing matching neckties. These ties gaudily displayed the colors of Nelson Mandela's "Freedom Movement" in South Africa. You get it—O. J. is a political prisoner, the U.S. a racist tyranny. Thus, lately, Johnnie Cochran's favorite adjective has been "unspeakable," a term most commonly paired with "evil," as in "the unspeakable evil of apartheid." He applied this term to rulings by both Judge Ito and the Court of Appeal. Mr. Cochran has also in the last month implied that both Judge Ito and the American media are in on the racist cover-up of the plot against his client. Boy! When they said they weren't going to play the race card, we guess they were just whistlin' "We Shall Overcome."

■ We hear a lawmaker has a surefire plan to reduce crime in Los Angeles, but his "Use a gun, go to work in the LAPD public-relations department" proposal would be ruled cruel and unusual punishment.

■ Cash-strapped San Francisco has changed the name of venerable Candlestick Park to 3Com Park, in exchange for a \$4-million payment from the Santa Clara computer firm. Maybe the city should accept a fee from the Planters Company to re-name City Hall the Mixed Nuts Building.

MARINI

(Continued from page West-1)

A recent incident shows the way in which battle lines have been drawn: A Bureau of Land Management agent's van was bombed in front of his house in Carson City. United States Senator Harry Reid was quick to point to the anti-government rhetoric of the "county movement" as a potential cause of the violence. In reaction, the Nye County Board of Supervisors offered a \$100,000 reward for information leading to the arrest of the bomber. Within a week, however, they rescinded the offer. They did so, they insisted, because of the arrogance of the BLM agent.

Nor is this problem unique to Nevada. In Idaho a County Sheriff has announced that Bureau of Land Management agents will no longer have police powers within his county. Although denying any ties to the county or constitutionalist movement, he too has decried the arrogance of federal officials: "I've got a group of BLM officers carrying guns, enforcing laws. . . . I don't mind them helping if they'd help, but if my deputies treated people the way they treat people, I'd have stomped them in a mudhole and then wrung their necks."

In the Old West the human condition was reduced to its bare essentials. With brutal clarity, and innocent simplicity, the Western movie explored the difficulty of forming political communities, establishing justice, and creating legitimate governments based on consent. Amidst conditions resembling the state of nature, rugged individualists learned to consent to an authority which could better protect their rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit

Mr. Marini is professor of government at the University of Nevada, Reno.

of happiness. As an art form, the Western proved to be a fascinating medium which captured the interest of the whole world. In countless films and television shows, viewers became aware of the difficulty of imposing law and order in conditions in which there was no law or legitimate authority, where every man was the defender of his own rights.

When law and order were established in the old Westerns, however, the federal Marshall was the good guy. The trumpet of the Cavalry, likewise, reminded every-

one that the authority of the Federal Government rested on principles that were compatible with self-government. Such a government was limited in power and purpose. It protected rights and required consent of those who are governed. We can learn something from the old Westerns. The conditions of legitimate democratic government have not changed. If the Federal Government wants to establish again its authority and legitimacy, it should again become the defender of individual rights. □

WELFARE IN L.A.

Tour de Grants

BRIAN KENNEDY

A FEW weeks ago I toured Greater Los Angeles in a Lincoln Town Car with Marvin Olasky, whose book, *The Tragedy of American Compassion*, has been hailed as the definitive treatment of welfare by Charles Murray, Newt Gingrich, and others. Specifically, we were visiting private charities—charities that are privately run, even if they are subsidized in whole or in part by the taxpayer.

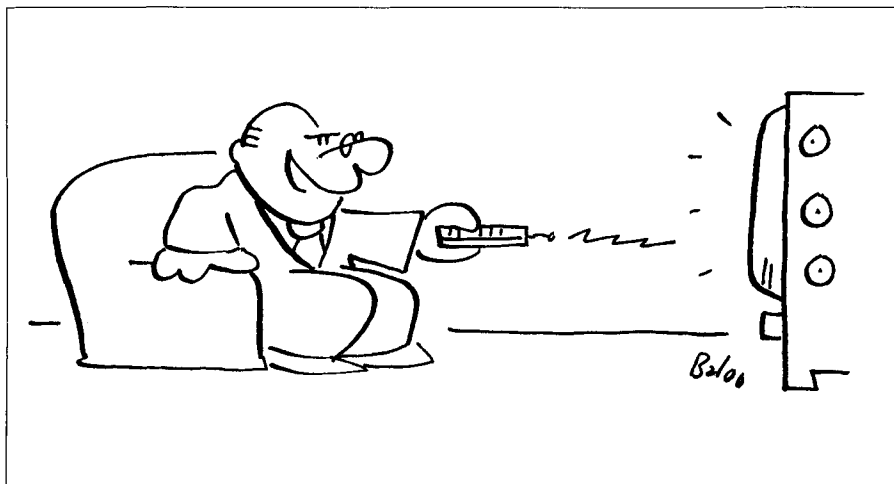
What was our purpose? The idea of federal "block grants" of welfare money to the states has bipartisan support in Washington. It is lauded especially by conservatives as a step back toward the constitutional division of labor between states and nation which held sway until the 1960s. No doubt some innovative programs will

arise in the states to claim money from these grants when they begin, as is likely, next year. But a lot of the money will also go to existing programs. We wanted to see if the charities in L.A. today are worthy of additional funding, and whether they offer any guidance—positive or negative—for future innovators.

Our first appointment was with the representatives of El Nido, an agency that provides assistance to teenage girls who are pregnant or have children. Using government money, it provides limited prenatal care while trying to keep these girls in school. El Nido's director believes that even if welfare money is denied to teenage mothers, the girls her agency supports will continue to have babies. Thus she opposes proposals to tie welfare benefits to good behavior, and offers no alternative—nor much hope—for molding or reforming these girls' characters.

Perhaps ironically, en route to our next stop—an enterprise called Skid Row Access, on the outskirts of downtown—we passed my grandfather's old law office. He was one of L.A.'s first welfare commissioners, in the 1930s, when concern for character was paramount, and welfare meant giving people a temporary hand and getting them back on their feet as quickly as possible.

Skid Row Access was begun when two skid row residents—former craftsmen whose lives had taken a bad turn—approached a local construction executive



"Cease to exist, Eleanor Clift!"

and asked for help in starting a business venture. This executive rented a worn-out building and today manages eight formerly destitute workers who are producing high-quality wooden toys for sale in upscale boutiques. The more each worker makes, the more he earns. Profits from sales now fund two-thirds of the operation, with the remainder coming from private grants. Hopes are that it will soon be self-supporting and able to expand. In stark contrast to most other programs for able-bodied adults, Skid Row Access operates on principles of free enterprise—"don't work, don't eat," to state it negatively—and is truly private in character. Unfortunately, this model of welfare—which isn't welfare at all in the contemporary sense—is increasingly rare.

OUR next stop was the infamous South Central district of Los Angeles, where we met with Leon Watkins. Watkins is the managing director of Cities and Schools—a program to help poor school kids get jobs—and the founder of Family Helpline, a hotline for kids who want out of gang life. That the latter is not now in operation due to lack of funds—despite federal and private dollars that have poured into South Central since the Rodney King riots—underscores Watkins's frustration at the welfare-funding status quo. Indeed, Watkins believes this status quo is directly responsible for the culture of despair, fear, and death that is destroying his community.

While he would accept federal block-grant money for his woefully underfunded programs, Watkins would rather the outside money simply dry up and stop corrupting South Central's residents—stop discouraging work, stop countenancing sloth and crime, stop rewarding illegitimacy. "Give us a chance to fix this area," he said. "We can do it." We left pondering the difficulty of bringing a modern-day congressional majority around to Watkins's old-fashioned way of thinking.

Next on our agenda was the Good Shepherd Home for Homeless Women and Children. Open to abused and needy women and children, it is operated by a Catholic nun and several lay people. Residents are given tasks and undergo counseling. The counseling, though, was not what we expected: The women are instructed on how to get public housing, but not—despite the home's name—on how to get religion. Sister Julia Mary was

adamant that love should be given to these women freely, without religious strings. That's all well and good, but doesn't speak to the potential harm done to people by giving freely of aid and money without attending to their character or monitoring their behavior.

Two privately funded homes for former prostitutes raised similar questions. The first, a home for older women, is run by a Presbyterian minister who seems to preach exclusively the gospel of hard work and self-sufficiency. The second, called Children of the Night, is home to 50 teenage prostitutes, male and female. It helps them find jobs and tries to keep them off the streets, while targeting their pimps for arrest and prosecution. In both these homes, religious and moral instruction would offer a better hope of restoring the troubled souls to full humanity. In any case, these homes for especially hardened segments of the underclass offer limited guidance as to how to model general welfare programs.

Our last trip of the day took us to Boys Town in south Orange County. This is a place for boys and girls, ages 12 to 17, who have been severely abused. Six boys or six girls live in a home with a married couple who sometimes have children of their own. They get to see, firsthand, loving relationships between husband and wife and between parents and children. They also are taken to church every Sunday. The children we met and ate dinner with were polite and well-spoken and appeared genuinely happy. Of all the programs we toured, this one offered the most hope and seemed most useful as a model. The family setting was the key.

The lesson of our day-long tour was the

lesson of the past 30 years of U.S. welfare policy: throwing money at the poor does not work. Indeed, it has wrecked families and destroyed lives beyond measure. Continuing this policy, even under block grants—that is, decentralizing or privatizing the current system—will render the same wretched result. Constructive expenditures of block grant money will require distinguishing programs like Boys Town from their more conventional and less promising competitors, and program directors like Leon Watkins from those who don't understand that "free money" isn't free.

IN HIS famous book, Marvin Olasky argues that the evil of the current welfare system isn't its cost, but its treatment of humans like animals. It does this by refusing to insist on useful work and other signs of virtue—sobriety, chastity, and so on—in return for aid. It does this by caring for the bodies of the poor without a thought for their happiness. (Recall George Washington: "There is no truth more thoroughly established, than that there exists in the economy and course of nature, an indissoluble union between virtue and happiness.")

California has a better than even chance to blaze trails in turning welfare around. For one thing, Governor Wilson's Director of Social Services, Eloise Anderson—a black conservative hired three years ago from Wisconsin, where she was working for Governor Tommy Thompson—is an extraordinary woman and a leading proponent of radical welfare reform.

For another, Californians are ripe for change. Even Pete Wilson has been talking sense of late. Bring on the block grants. □



Mr. Kennedy is Vice President of The Claremont Institute.

Salary Flap

LEON MCKINNEY

ANY lingering doubts Orange County taxpayers had about rejecting Measure R—the government's request for higher taxes to pay for its bankruptcy—have been dispelled by the release of a list of Huntington Beach's 25 highest-paid employees. In fact, this list—released by City Administrator Michael Uberuaga under a court order—has become a public-relations nightmare for the county's establishment liberals and public-employee unions.

Early last year, city employees were claiming that "spiking" their pensions—artificially inflating the value of their final-year compensation, thus boosting their lifetime pension payments—was justified because they were underpaid compared to private-sector employees. I decided to investigate this claim.

In May 1994, I requested a listing of city employees, by name, with the total compensation for 1993 as stated in Box 1 of the W-2 forms submitted by the city to state and federal tax authorities. City Attorney Gail Hutton denied my request, saying that releasing such information would violate employees' privacy rights. She also sent a memo to the city council citing court decisions and state laws, and included a report on how long my request had taken to respond to—implying that I was the one wasting tax dollars!

Some of the laws Hutton cited in her decision were as old as 20 years. But she seemed to have forgotten California's more recent Public Records Act. I went to the editors of the *Huntington Beach Independent* and suggested that they try where I had failed. The paper's lawyers agreed with my interpretation of the law and filed

suit. A year later the city was ordered to cough up the list.

Now it's clear why City Hall wanted to keep its salary scheme under wraps. Eighteen of the 25 highest-paid employees—all receiving at least \$126,000—are police, fire, or paramedic employees. Administrator Uberuaga was second, with a base salary of \$128,340 and a total compensation package of \$167,144. The police chiefs' \$155,577 placed third, followed by the assistant city administrator at \$153,496 and two fire chiefs at \$152,864 and \$146,487. Attorney Hutton was seventh at \$142,564.

At the top of the list was Ray Price, a police captain who retired at the end of 1994. Capt. Price's total compensation last year was \$174,511. This included \$92,232 in salary, \$4,200 in car allowance, \$106 in overtime, \$7,147 in special pay ("bilingual pay bonus," "education incentive," etc.), \$15,962 and \$24,830 for cashing in unused sick leave and vacation leave, respectively, \$21,805 paid to his account by the California Public Employee Retirement System (CALPERS), \$7,528 in taxpayer-provided life and health insurance premiums and, finally, a \$700 uniform allowance.

Capt. Price also benefited substantially from the generous method used to calculate public-employee pensions. In the private sector, pension payments are usually determined by the employee's salary during his last year or last 3-5 years. Not so for public employees: they get to add all sorts of ex-

tras to their final salary, thanks to contracts negotiated between government administrators and the employee unions. Thus the value used to calculate Capt. Price's pension isn't his base salary of \$92,232, as it would be in the private sector, but the much higher figure of \$153,803.

What does this do to Price's pension? Assume he retired after 30 years, at age 55. According to CALPERS tables, he'll receive 67.5 per cent of his "final compensation." If that had been his final base salary, his annual pension would be \$62,257. Instead, he'll receive 67.5 per cent of \$153,803, which comes to \$103,817, which is \$11,000 more than his final base salary. Thus Capt. Price's pension starts out 67 per cent or \$41,560 above the amount he would receive under standard private-sector practice. And what is more, that already considerable pension payment will be adjusted for inflation.

THE silver lining, one supposes, is that Price didn't grab every available second of overtime: he only got \$106, a pittance compared to two paramedics and a fire engineer who each got over \$32,000 in overtime pay. Clearly, city employees are abusing taxpayers through grossly overgenerous contracts which are chock-full of allowances for pension spiking, overtime, and special pay.

City councilwoman Shirley Detloff, who received thousands of dollars in campaign support last year from the public safety unions, has responded: "When you work for private industry, you don't find yourself on the front page of the paper if you're doing a good job." In all fairness, she probably wasn't just pandering to the unions: a member of the Democratic Club of West Orange County, she's probably earnest in the belief that public-sector employees deserve three to five times the salaries of the rest of us.

The release of this list was a victory for taxpayers. The media should follow up and ask for the same information from every city in the state. And cities should provide a list of compensation for all employees, not just the highest-paid. It's past the time for citizens to tear down the walls of deceit surrounding public employees. And it'll sure come in handy when local officials start citing the "need" to raise taxes. □

Mr. McKinney is a freelance writer who lives in Huntington Beach, California.



"My mind keeps wandering into restricted areas."

Imagineering A Budget

TOM MCCLINTOCK

IN Anaheim, California, the creative technicians at Disneyland use the term "imagineering" to describe the process of letting their imaginations run wild and then trying to engineer fantasy into reality. In Sacramento, California, the creative politicians at the Capital use the term "budgeting" to describe essentially the same exercise. The difference is that the Disney folks are good at it.

The "imagineers" in Sacramento have once again produced a budget that fantasizes much higher revenues than the state will receive and much lower expenditures than the state has authorized, with virtually no budget reserve. Thus every miscalculation will translate into red ink, adding to the already staggering debt load shouldered by California's taxpayers.

Since 1990, California's economy has significantly under-performed the rest of the nation, dragged down by one of the heaviest tax and regulatory burdens in the country. Nevertheless, California's new budget is based on predictions of a miraculous economic explosion in 1996, including a 33 per cent jump in building permits.

Last year, personal income in California grew only half as fast as in the rest of the country. Next year, the imagineers' budget relies on California's economy to grow a third faster than the nation's as a whole. Last year, California's employment grew at only one-third the national rate. Next year, it must grow 25 per cent faster than the rest of the country. Taxpayers will be charged the difference between fantasy and reality.

Mr. McClintock, a former member of the California Assembly, is Director of the Claremont Institute's Golden State Center.

Meanwhile the budget includes an extra \$500-million gift from the Federal Government for additional immigration assistance that the Federal Government has not agreed to give.

In their defense, Sacramento's imagineers are quick to point out that the budget's economic forecasts are "mid-range estimates when compared to other forecasters." That's an important distinction, since the "other forecasters" they use for comparison have been very good at over-estimating the state's performance in past years. Economists like Arthur Laffer, who have been consistently correct in predicting California's economy, are far more pessimistic. Laffer observes that California now drags along at the bottom of national numbers, on its way to becoming a "perpetual West Virginia."

On the expenditure side, the budget is balanced by significant and overdue cuts in social welfare spending. But there's a hitch. The cuts can't take effect until waivers are granted from the Federal Government, or until federal laws are changed.

Yet the budget assumes that these authorizations will soon take effect. California will run a deficit up to \$1.5 million every day the authorizations are delayed—a likely scenario, considering that the state is still awaiting waivers for cuts which were supposed to have been made last year. The same imprudence in 1994 added millions of dollars to the deficit that California's taxpayers now owe.

In addition, a number of court cases are pending against the state for past fiscal gimmicks. For example, budget games in 1992 and 1993 have shorted the state's pension system by nearly \$1 billion. Court cases challenging state raids of this nature—which are part of

the state's structural deficit—are very likely to add \$2 billion to the state's obligations, yet no reserve has been set aside.

A press release from the budget's author boasts, "Without any gimmicks, tricks, or smoke and mirrors, the proposed 1995-96 budget is balanced and even has a small reserve of \$41 million." "Small" is putting it mildly. It amounts to ninety-five one-thousandths of one per cent of the state general fund. The imagineers may not have relied on "smoke and mirrors," but their new budget will only fly with ample quantities of faith and trust and pixie dust.

In the six weeks since adoption of the budget, the Wilson administration has agreed to substantial retroactive pay raises for employees of the California Highway Patrol—big G.O.P. contributors in the last election, coincidentally—whose raises were not included in the state's spending plan. The administration doesn't even pretend to have the money to pay for this new contract. And 20 more contracts with other state agencies are still pending.

IT GETS curiouser and curiouser. During the budget debate, it was the Assembly's Republican leaders who fought to kill a Democrat-sponsored amendment which would have required a balanced budget, forbade non-voter-approved borrowing, and established a minimum 2 per cent budget reserve. The proposal had merit, of course, said the Republicans, but . . . uh . . . the timing was off. Budget deliberations are never a good time to discuss fiscal restraint.

The difference between the fantasy of the new state budget and the reality of California's ailing economy will be measured by a growing deficit that future taxpayers will bear. Meanwhile, the state continues to carry at least \$2.5 billion of debt from past years, or about \$300 per family, which taxpayers must also eventually pay.

The bipartisan vote for this budget should not be hailed as a breach in "gridlock," but seen for what it is: a sad commentary on the current state of politics in Sacramento. When planning a vacation to California, the real Disneyland in Anaheim is much to be preferred. The price is cheaper, the crowds are friendlier, and the rides are safer. □

Braveheart Redux

GOD, I'm so afraid. Give me the strength to die well," prays William Wallace before English King Edward executes him. Even as he is disemboweled, Wallace will not submit to Edward. Seeing in his mind's eye his wife and countrymen, he dies shouting "Freedom!" After his death his countrymen march on to defeat Edward II at Bannockburn and win Scotland's freedom.

Early this summer Senator Dole flew to the West to shake his political finger at Hollywood and suggest it should get back to making movies the way it used to. I wish he'd seen Mel Gibson's movie *Braveheart*, which was out at the time of his speech. "Though it's bad in Hollywood, all is not lost. See *Braveheart*. Pay close attention to its hero, William Wallace. If America is to pull out of its nose-dive, America needs heroes like that," the Senator could have said.

Gibson is the star, director, and co-producer of *Braveheart*. Citing *El Cid*, *Spartacus*, and *A Man for All Seasons* as movies he looks up to, Gibson says that scripts for that kind of movie today are extremely rare. But he found one. Released in June, *Braveheart* lagged miles behind the likes of *Batman Forever* and *The Bridges of Madison County* in the popularity ratings. That's discouraging, but there is good news: *Braveheart* is being reissued in much of the nation, away from the heat of summer blockbusters.

Braveheart reminds us that it is insufficient to criticize Hollywood for producing movies full of sex and violence. As are most works of life and art, *Braveheart* is full of sex and violence. But it is worthy because it carefully distinguishes the good from the bad, the free from the wanton, and the necessary from the terrible.

Braveheart is set in thirteenth century Scotland where England's King Edward

ruled with a ferocity extraordinary even for those times. (His tomb reads in part, "Hammer of the Scots.") Edward had as his personal maxim "To each his own," and he extends that maxim to its logical and violent extreme in *Braveheart*. He doesn't look to God or nature to understand the rights of man; instead, he sees right and wrong as things for him to concoct. He declares for his English nobles the right to engage in sexual intercourse with Scotsmen's brides on their wedding nights, for instance. By such planned parenthood, Edward seeks forcibly to breed English blood into Scotland.

We soon see that freedom for Edward is the uninhibited exercise of power over nature and over human beings. It is cutting and shaping people, families, rights, and lands to suit one's self. The Scottish rebel, William Wallace, is eventually betrayed into Edward's hands, and Edward has him hung, racked, disemboweled, beheaded, and cut into pieces (Wallace's head stays in London and limbs go to England's four corners to scare off any who might defy Edward). *Braveheart* is clear about the evil of Edward's violent ways and of his corrupt understanding of freedom.



"Sorry, no—nothing called 'conjugal bliss.'"

Mr. Sanborn is chairman and CEO of the North Central Life Insurance Company.

Edward had a son, Edward II, about whom Churchill wrote in his *History of the English Speaking Peoples*, "He carried his friendship for his advisors beyond dignity and decency." In *Braveheart* Edward II does not love or sleep with his wife. Rather, he pursues pleasure outside and at the expense of family. He likes wearing pretty clothes, looking at himself in mirrors, and dallying with men. *Braveheart* seconds Churchill's criticism of Edward's extramarital activity and warped sense of freedom as unrestrained pursuit of sexual pleasure.

But not all sex and violence is in perverse riot. *Braveheart* features a rare decent cinematic sex scene; sex in the context of marital vows is reasonable and Biblically correct. With his beautiful and spirited Scottish wife, young Wallace is loving and kind.

SOON after his marriage, Wallace must fight in order to keep English soldiers from raping his wife. He beats them back, only to have an English noble capture his wife and slit her throat to punish him. A noble fury proceeds from Wallace. He marshals an army—which he leads, while treating its members as free and equal men, indeed as friends—and engages the enemy. Blood and death cover the fields. Such violence is unfortunate but necessary, as blood and death always are in a fallen world, where tyrants abide and the good must defend love and freedom.

In August 1940, while Hitler pounded Britain, C. S. Lewis wrote an essay entitled "The Necessity of Chivalry." In it he speaks of the knight of yore as a "man of blood and iron, a man familiar with the sight of smashed faces and the ragged stumps of lopped-off limbs; he is also demure, almost maidenlike, guest in hall, a gentle, modest unobtrusive man." Lewis argues that the ideal embodied in the knight offers "the only possible escape from a world divided between wolves who do not understand, and sheep who cannot defend, the things which make life desirable." Wallace is a knight.

It is said that a special premiere of *Braveheart* had been arranged for Newt Gingrich late last spring, but that it was cancelled when Mrs. Gingrich objected to the film's violence. That was unfortunate. *Braveheart* is a good movie, good for America, a movie good for us all to see this fall.

—BRUCE C. SANBORN

Why Can't Catholicism Be Trendy?



It's stupid to fall for every passing fashion. But that's the story of liberal Catholicism since Vatican II. Remember the silly infatuation with the "secular city"? Who can forget the red-hot liberation theologians whose utopian dreams have turned to ash! The list of follies is long.

Now radical feminism is all the rage. And what are we getting? Rampant divorce. Wounded and neglected children. Abortion. Sexual confusion and gay lib. Attempts to rehabilitate fictional goddesses and reintroduce pagan priestesses. Mutilation of the English language. "Liberated" religious orders, which are now dying! And, not least, claims that Jesus committed the *sin of sexism* when He chose only males for His priesthood and that He was wrong when He taught us to call God our *Father*.

Of course, if Jesus committed an injustice in excluding women from the priesthood, then He could hardly be divine, and if He didn't have the authority to identify God as our Father, then He didn't come down from Heaven and wasn't a member of any Trinity. Bye-bye Christianity!

Liberal pick-and-choose Catholics are trendy types who crave the approval of the world and can't stand the thought of being Politically *Incorrect*. They're intellectual cowards — and imitators of the liberal *Protestants*, who long ago devised a smorgasbord religion in order to prove their "open-mindedness" and cozy up to the world. Very clever.

But what do liberal Protestants have to show for their efforts? *Dying churches!* Why? Because the result of liberal Protestantism has been, in the words of Flannery O'Connor, "to turn religion into poetry and therapy, to make truth vaguer and vaguer, to banish intellectual distinctions,...and gradually to come to believe that God has no power...cannot reveal himself to us...and that religion is our own sweet invention." So why bother to go to church anymore? Not so clever, after all! Trendy religion is not only counter-productive, it's just plain dumb.

Cardinal Newman said that "some authority there must be if there is a revelation given." Catholicism is a *revealed* religion, not a concocted one, and our Lord gave *authority* to St. Peter and his successor popes to guard that revelation from fads and delusions. The NEW OXFORD REVIEW, a Catholic monthly magazine with an international audience, is published in Berkeley — yes, *that* Berkeley — so we've seen fads and delusions galore. We know frauds when we see them. We stand with the Catholicism of the ages, the Magisterium, and the Pope. We articulate the full splendor of Catholic truth, and even help wimpy Catholics develop a backbone.

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are reluctant to pick up young African-American males are themselves African, Caribbean, or Middle Eastern. Moreover, the Nigerian cited by Wright says explicitly that he will pick up blacks who are suitably dressed. His discrimination seems to be based not simply on skin color but on other aspects of appearance.

During my travels I took up the issue with a number of taxidrivers in New York, Washington, Chicago, and other cities. Most of them denied that they refuse to pick up every black male, and all ridiculed the notion that cabdrivers pass up black women. But many grouched that African-American passengers frequently leave no tip and sometimes beat the fare, and virtually all acknowledged that as a consequence of previous threats, robberies, and

One African cabdriver explained, 'I'm not going to pass up a fare, which is money in my pocket. But I don't want to get robbed.'

assaults they employ a kind of heightened scrutiny before they will stop for a young black man.

"This racism stuff is all bull—," one African student who was driving to put himself through school, told me. "I'm not going to pass up a fare, which is money in my pocket. But I don't want to get robbed. You know what the black crime rate is in New York? Do you want me to risk a gun to my head, man? What's wrong with you?"

A white driver in Chicago told me, "No exceptions, pal. I never pick up niggers."

"You don't like blacks?" I asked.

"Not blacks. Niggers."

"That sounds like racism to me."

"Hey, that's c—. I pick up older blacks all the time. I have no problem with giving black women a ride. My black buddies won't pick up no niggers. I ain't no more racist than they are."

These concerns seem to be borne out by cabdriver muggings and killings. In August 1994, Keith Moore, a 38-year-old cabdriver and single father, was found with the keys in the ignition and two bullet wounds in his head. His friends told the *Washington Post* that he never worried about picking up passengers in questionable neighbor-

hoods no matter what the time of day. If Moore had exercised prudence, his colleague Louis Richardson said, he probably would be alive today. The U.S. Labor Department recently reported that driving a cab is the riskiest job in America, with occupational homicide rates higher than those for bartenders, gas-station attendants, and policemen.

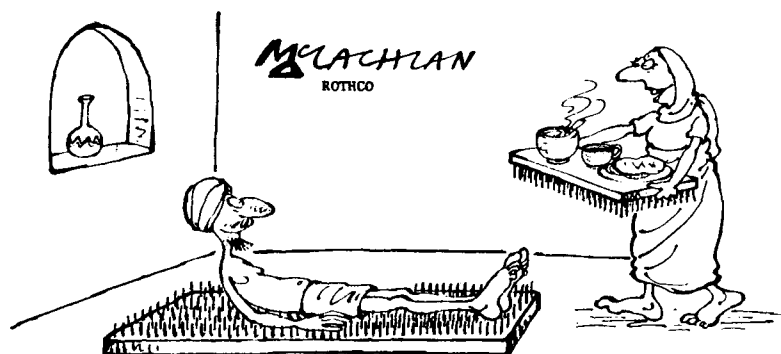
These facts suggest how hollow it sounds to accuse cabdrivers of "prejudice" and "stereotypes." While we can be sure that racist taxidrivers would discriminate, not all taxidrivers who discriminate are racist.

MICHELLE Joo, an Asian-American shopkeeper in Washington, D.C., acknowledges that she discriminates based on race. When deciding whether to let people into her jewelry and cosmetics store, she tells the *Washington Post*, "I look at the face." She won't open the door "if he looks ugly, if he's holding a bottle in a paper bag, if he's dirty. . . . If some guy looks kind, I let him in." Young black men are kept out if they seem rowdy, Miss Joo says. Usually they react by banging on her glass windows. One may say that Michelle Joo has no fixed policy of keeping blacks out. Nor does she have a quota about the number she will admit. Rather, she seems to be a prudent statistician. She employs race as one factor, but not the only factor, in her decision-making. As a means to ensure her security and business survival, she is practicing what may be termed rational discrimination.

Thousands of other store owners in major cities make similar decisions every day. So do countless women—black, white, Hispanic, and Asian—who come across black males in circumstances they consider not entirely safe. Regardless of their general attitudes about civil rights, they do what they feel is necessary in each particular case. Shopkeepers scurry to the front of the store where they can monitor the exit. Female pedestrians may clutch their purse more tightly or cross the street if approached by one or more young black men. Sometimes people snap the locks on their car doors as African-American youths walk by.

The psychological toll of such reactions is high. If you are black, columnist William Raspberry says, it is unusual to find yourself treated as an individual, and to receive the kind of consideration that whites expect. In *The Rage of a Privileged Class*, Ellis Cose describes a typical justification for black rage: "Why am I constantly treated as if I were a drug addict, a thief, or a thug?" Many who echo these sentiments also question the basis for group judgments about blacks. Legal scholar Charles Ogletree argues that "99 per cent of black people don't commit crimes."

Blacks make up approximately 12 per cent of the nation's population. Yet according to Uniform Crime Reports, published annually by the FBI, blacks account for 39 per cent of those arrested for aggravated assault, 42 per cent of those arrested for weapons possession, 43 per cent of those arrested for rape, 55 per cent of those arrested for murder, and 61 per cent of



"Special treat—breakfast in bed this morning."

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those arrested for robbery. Even discounting for the possibility of some racial bias in criminal arrests, it seems clear that the average black person is between three and six times as likely to be arrested for a crime as the average white person.

Young black males are arrested and convicted of crimes at an astonishingly high rate. According to the Sentencing Project, a liberal advocacy group, about 25 per cent of young black men in America are in prison, on probation, or on parole on any given day. For whites, the figure is 6 per cent. In major cities, the figures for young black men are even higher.

Jesse Jackson acknowledged the cultural pathology of violence among inner-city blacks when he said, "There is nothing more painful for me than to walk down the street and hear footsteps and start to think about robbery, and then see it's somebody white and feel relieved." Faced with immediate criticism from other black activists, Jackson hurried to "clarify" his views and deny that he meant what he said. But several African-American scholars have made the same point. Johnnetta Cole writes that among black women "one of the most painful admissions I hear is: I am afraid of my own people." Given black crime rates, Howard University education professor Kenneth Tollett says, "The statements we have called stereotypes in the past have become true."

Personally I would be angry and upset if, as a law-abiding person, I were routinely treated as a criminal by taxidivers, storekeepers, or pedestrians. Yet, equally predictably, taxidivers, storekeepers, and women who clutch their purses or cross the street will attach little significance to such personal and historical sensitivities. Such people are unlikely to be intimidated by accusations of prejudice. For them, the charges are meaningless, because the prejudice is warranted. In this context, a bigot is simply a sociologist without credentials.

IT IS now time to examine with fresh eyes the meaning of familiar terms such as prejudice and stereotype, which underlie the conventional liberal understanding of racism. African-American scholar Henry Louis Gates writes: "Racism exists when one generalizes about attributes of an individual, and treats him or her accordingly." Gates offers some specific examples: "You people sure can dance," and "Black people play basketball so remarkably well." He concludes, "These are racist statements." But are they?

In his classic work, *The Nature of Prejudice*, published in 1954, Gordon Allport drew on modern social-science theories to explicate the paradigm of liberal anti-racism. Allport argued that prejudices and stereotypes reveal less about their objects than their subjects. Applying such concepts as displacement and frustration-aggression theory, Allport maintained that when people feel hostility and anger which they have difficulty coping with, they

project it onto others, who thus become sacrificial victims or "scapegoats." Allport helped to establish a premise that many social scientists continue to hold today: prejudices and stereotypes endure because of the principle of self-selection. From the distorted perspective of the racist, blacks who do not conform to preconceived notions simply do not exist; they are, in Ralph Ellison's term, invisible men.

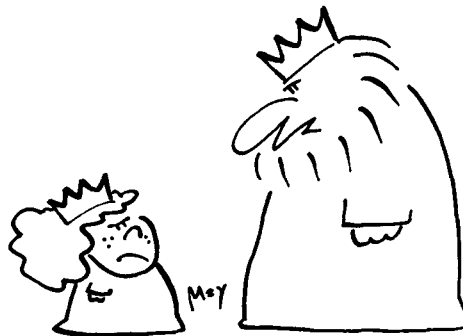
For the better part of a generation, this liberal understanding of racism worked fairly well. The reason was that both whites and blacks had indeed developed many erroneous views about each other as a consequence of the social isolation produced by Southern segregation. During slavery the races stayed in regular, even intimate, contact, but after emancipation the forced separation of the races created a divided society in which dubious and even absurd generalizations could endure, unchecked by contrary experience. The civil-rights movement's assault on prejudices and stereotypes, as well as the experience of desegregation, helped to topple many such group generalizations that could not withstand empirical examination.

The problem with the liberal paradigm is its premise that *all* group perceptions are misperceptions. Paradoxically it is desegregation and integration which have called the liberal view into question. One of the risks of increased exposure to blacks is that it has placed whites in a position to discover which of their preconceived views are true.

In fact ethnic groups which have had little history of oppressing each other now seem to be formulating clear and often critical images of other groups. In one of the more remarkable surveys of recent years, the National Conference of Christians and Jews reports that many minority groups harbor much more hostile attitudes toward other minority groups than whites do. For example, 49 per cent of blacks and 68 per cent of Asians said that Hispanics "tend to have bigger families than they can support." Forty-six per cent of Hispanics and 42 per cent of blacks agreed that Asian Americans are "unscrupulous, crafty, and devious in business." And 53 per cent of Asians and 51 per cent of Hispanics affirmed that blacks "are more likely to commit crimes and violence."

It is, of course, possible that these minority perceptions reveal that, by a kind of social osmosis, everyone is learning racism from whites. But if so, why would minority perceptions be stronger than those of whites who are the alleged racists par excellence? More likely, these inter-group minority perceptions are the product of experience. Most people today have fairly regular contact with others of different races, and have many opportunities to verify their collective judgments about other groups.

During my speaking trips to college campuses, I decided, as a journalistic exercise, to test people's perception of group traits by raising the question of whether stereotypes may be true and prejudices based on them therefore legitimate. Inevitably, I encountered strong emotional op-



"I'm not being sexist—you are a little princess!"

position. Educated people today have been taught to despise group generalizations. In a sense, we have been raised to be prejudiced against prejudice.

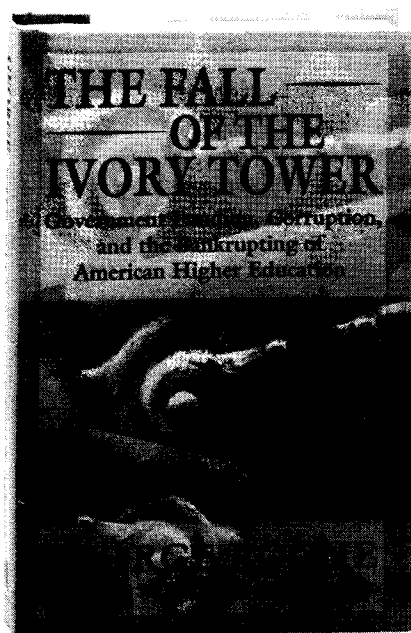
Recently on a West Coast campus, I raised the question of whether, as a group, "blacks have rhythm." A professor of Afro-American Studies insisted, "Absolutely not," and a number of white students readily agreed. Instinctively, they raised the familiar defenses, "I know a black man who can't dance." "How can you generalize about a group that is so diverse?" "What about Elvis? He had rhythm, and he wasn't black," and so on. I pointed out that these were poor refutations of a proposition that was being offered as true on average, or compared with the experience of other groups. One cannot rebut the statistically irrefutable statement that men on average are taller than women by producing a six-foot woman and a four-foot man. Those individuals would merely constitute exceptions to a general pattern that has persisted across cultures for most of recorded history.

Incidentally, the view that blacks tend to be more rhythmic than whites is no whimsical recent invention but is supported by observation and experience in several cultures over two millennia. In ancient Greece and Rome, which held no negative view of black skin color, Ethiopians and other blacks were celebrated for a perceived natural inclination to music and dance. This is a central theme of that segment of Greek and Roman art which focuses on blacks. Moreover, the same perception of blacks is evi-

dent in many Arab descriptions of African blacks written in the late Middle Ages. Ibn Butlan, for example, writes that if a black man was dropped from heaven "he would beat time as he goes down." The Muslim historian Ibn Khaldun attributed the black African proclivity for music to the relaxing influence of the sun's heat.

On one point the liberal paradigm about group generalizations is sound: people's perceptions of others are always filtered through the lens of their own prior experience. But the liberal understanding cannot explain how particular traits come to be identified with particular groups. Only because group traits have an empirical basis in shared experience can we invoke them without fear of serious contradiction. Think how people would react if someone said, "Koreans are lazy," or "Hispanics are constantly trying to find ways to make money." Despite the prevalence of anti-Semitism, Jews are rarely accused of stupidity. Blacks are never accused of being tight with a dollar, or of conspiring to take over the world. By reversing stereotypes we can see how their persistence relies, not simply on the assumptions of the viewer, but also on the characteristics of the group being described.

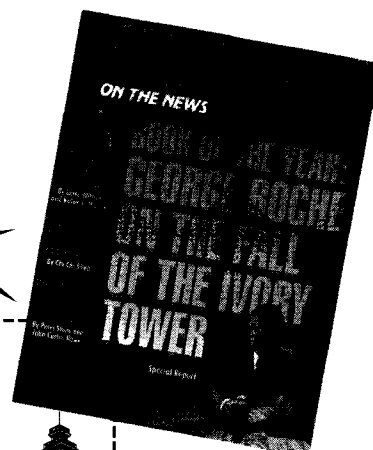
This is no case for group traits having a biological foundation. Probably the vast majority of group traits are entirely cultural, the distilled product of many years of shared experience. Yet prejudices and stereotypes are not intended to explain the origins of group traits, only to take into account their existence. Nor is this an argument



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to emphasize negative traits. Stereotypes can be negative or positive. Indeed the same stereotype can be interpreted favorably or unfavorably. One can deplore Roman machismo or admire Roman manliness; deride Spanish superstition or exalt Spanish piety; ridicule English severity or cherish English self-control. In each of these interpretations, we see a single set of facts, a different set of values.

William Helmreich, in *The Things They Say Behind Your Back*, takes up the issue of whether there is a rational basis for group stereotypes. Helmreich finds some stereotypes that are clearly false. During the Middle Ages, for example, apparently many Christians took religious polemic literally and came to believe that Jews have horns. Clearly this was not a perception destined to last: one has only to encounter a few Jews to discover that they do not, in fact, possess horns.

Helmreich takes up other stereotypes, however, such as the view that many Nobel laureates are Jewish, or that the Mafia is largely made up of Italians, or that the Japanese tend to be xenophobic and nationalistic, or that many Irishmen and American Indians drink enormous quantities of alcohol. Basically Helmreich finds that these perceptions are confirmed by the data. Of all the stereotypes he considers, Helmreich concludes that "almost half the stereotypes have a strong factual basis."

Thus the liberal assumptions that groups do not differ and that group generalizations are irrational turn out to be wrong. Indeed they generate a civil-rights paradigm which is at variance with most people's direct observation of the world. We would do better to acknowledge the reality of group traits and ask how we should act on it.

RATIONAL discrimination is not limited to the exasperating but relatively inconsequential actions of taxidriviers and storekeepers; it is also quite pervasive in other areas, notably hiring.

In one of the most famous demonstrations of the persistence of hiring discrimination, in 1991 the Urban Insti-

tute sent ten black and ten white testers to apply for a range of private-sector jobs in Chicago and Washington, D.C. The testers were matched in pairs with very similar appearances, deportments, and credentials. The Institute found that in 67 per cent of cases neither candidate received a job offer; in 13 per cent, both did; in 15 per cent, only the white tester received an offer; and in 5 per cent, only the black tester did.

Although these results hardly prove, as the Institute concluded, that racial discrimination against blacks is "widespread and entrenched," they do suggest that it continues to exist. Curiously, however, the Institute study found that white and black employers were equally likely to discriminate. This suggests the possibility that discrimination persists because in some cases it is efficient; it makes economic sense.

Conventional economic theory holds that arbitrary racial discrimination is economically costly. The reason was explained years ago by economist Gary Becker: employers who refuse to hire the best person for the job are likely to suffer relative to their competition. Even discrimination based on arbitrary features such as race can be profitable, however, when the cost of discrimination is lower than the transaction cost of evaluating candidates individually.

Consider the case of a chain of stores seeking to hire entry-level workers recruited mainly from the local high-school. Let us assume, further, that African Americans as a group have substantially higher crime rates than whites, Hispanics, or Asians. Employers could disregard this fact and carefully scrutinize the individual history and character of each applicant. This would certainly be the ideal course of action. But employers, who are in business to make a profit, may reason that entry-level jobs do not warrant the expenditure of time and effort to investigate every applicant's personal history. The employer may save transaction costs by simply keeping the number of blacks hired to a minimum.

That the discrimination unearthed by the Urban Institute study was probably rational is suggested by its finding that the race of the interviewer showed no correlation with the likelihood of engaging in discrimination. Discrimination practiced equally by white and black employers is likely to be discrimination that does not depend on racist intentions, but rather applies the logic of predictive evaluation, discriminating against people in high-risk categories. Race is not being singled out here: employers may have similar rational reasons for their reluctance to hire women, who may get pregnant and leave, or the elderly, who are more likely to fall ill, or young people, who may prove less reliable as employees.

In Chicago, one of the sites of the Urban Institute study, Joleen Kirschenman and Kathryn Neckerman interviewed employers about their motives for hiring and found support for the rational-discrimination hypothesis.

—In general, one construction-company owner said, for urban blacks "the quality of education is not as great as white folk from the suburbs, and it shows."

—Another employer remarked, "The Polish immigrants that I know are more highly motivated than the Hispanics."



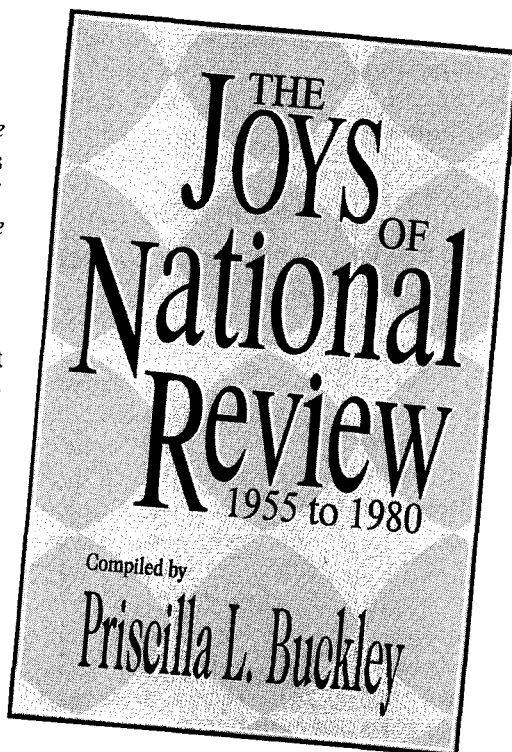
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—One manufacturer said, “We are not shutting out any black specifically, but I will say that our experience has been bad.”

The authors conclude that employers are using race as a proxy for “aspects of productivity that are relatively expensive or impossible to measure.” Many employers do seem to recognize diversity among blacks, often describing a particular individual as a good prospect, “the exception to the rule.” Nevertheless, employers do use group generalizations, so that in Kirschenman and Neckerman’s view, “black job applicants, unlike their white counterparts, must indicate to employers that the stereotypes do not apply to them.”

Rational discrimination may be difficult to understand in hiring, yet its economic justification is obvious in other areas. Insurance companies, for example, have no special dislike for teenage boys, but they charge them higher rates than female and older drivers. This is very unfair to an individual teenage boy who is a skilled and cautious driver, because he is penalized on account of the statistical habits of a group he did not voluntarily join. Yet even with reasonably thorough personal information, companies are not in a good position to predict individual behavior.

IS discrimination based on race necessarily racist? Not if you define racism as a doctrine of intrinsic superiority and inferiority, which leads to judgments against a group on grounds of biology rather than conduct. Indeed, the existence of rational discrimination compels us to revise the liberal paradigm which holds that racism is the theory and discrimination is the practice. The two may be unconnected. It is possible to be a racist and not discriminate: this would be true of many poor and marginalized whites who might hate blacks and consider them inferior, but who are not in a position to enforce their convictions. So too it is possible to discriminate and not be a racist: this would constitute rational discrimination.

Just because discrimination can be rational, however, does not mean that it is always moral. When individuals and companies make decisions not to go to great lengths to ensure that they are not misjudging any particular person, they are sacrificing the just treatment of individuals at the altar of security, convenience, or profits. Even though such judgments may be prudent and realistic, they are not, strictly speaking, fair. Rational discrimination based on unalterable traits is problematic in a way that discrimination against high-school dropouts and convicted felons is not.

Thus the question of whether rational discrimination should be legal is a real one. The new public-policy dilemma is based on the recognition that discrimination sometimes makes practical sense, and that such discrimination forces a choice in which the claims of morality are on one side, and the claims of rationality and productivity are on the other.

We have, in fact, three models of how to deal with the persistence of discrimination. The first is affirmative action. Some advocates, such as legal scholar David Strauss, argue that racial preferences are an essential remedy for

rational discrimination. Yet this argument is specious. After all, rational discrimination is objectionable because it treats competent individuals as incompetent on account of their involuntary membership in a disfavored group. This is hardly remedied by racial preferences which treat comparatively incompetent individuals as competent on account of their membership in a favored group.

The second approach is to make all discrimination, including rational discrimination, illegal in the public and private sector. This was Martin Luther King’s solution,

Just because discrimination can be rational, however, does not mean that it is always moral.

and it remains attractive to most Americans. Yet such a solution, although a vast improvement over the current system of racial preferences, would require massive state intervention in the private sector to unmask and punish discriminators, including minority firms which prefer to hire members of their own group, and other employers whose only sin amounts to engaging in rational behavior.

Then there is a third, and venerable option which was once considered liberal, but which has been virtually forgotten. In a free society, which maintains a distinction between the private and public sphere, rational discrimination is far more problematic when perpetrated by institutions of government than by private individuals and institutions. The reason is that in a democracy the government is responsible to all its citizens, who have a right to demand that they be treated as individuals equally under the law. Thus a new option emerges: the government should be strictly race-neutral, but private actors would be free to discriminate. In this scenario, rational discrimination would be legal, and so would private-sector affirmative action.

I can already hear the gasps of civil-rights activists, who are so wedded to the paradigm of old struggles that they cannot see what is obvious to the generation born after the civil-rights movement: Bull Connor is dead, and the *ancien régime* is finished. True, there will be employers who will refuse to hire blacks, and some may even post signs that say “No African Americans Need Apply.” So what? Irrational discrimination of this sort is harmful only when it is comprehensive in scope—when everyone discriminates. On the other hand, if only some employers discriminate, then competitive markets impose the main financial cost of discrimination on the discriminator, where it belongs.

Thus we arrive at a supreme irony: perhaps the best way to save affirmative action is to abolish the civil-rights laws, or rather, to limit their employment provisions to government conduct. This would be not a repudiation of the civil-rights movement but its natural fulfillment. Only such a bold strategy establishes a framework of state-neutrality and personal freedom that permits citizens of all backgrounds to pursue their competing utopias, and offers a realistic way out of our current thicket. □

The Real Story of Orenthal James

With Simpson all but acquitted, and Fuhrman almost in jail, it's time to sit back and ponder what this means for America.

DAVID GELERNTER

CONGRATULATIONS: you've located the person who cares least about the O.J. Simpson trial. It's not that my tastes are too elevated, it's just that everyone involved is either sordid or boring. But that leaves a big question: Why is everyone else making such a big deal about it? Why are people glued to their TVs? It occurs to me that no one is interested, really, and that people are watching mainly to avoid hurting the TV networks' feelings. Journalists have a great deal invested in this trial and it obviously means a lot to them, and the public as usual is willing to play along, although it can't help snickering into its beard every now and then and making faces when it thinks no one is looking.

It's a phenomenon I first encountered while trying to make sense of David Letterman's TV show, which is my main source of information about the Simpson trial. Letterman's show turns out to be based on a brand-new genre you might call "simulated humor." It feels, sounds, and is delivered exactly like the real thing; the only difference is that it's not funny. I'm not sure why Letterman relies on simulated humor so exclusively. Perhaps it's healthier somehow. But the way it works is, Letterman repeatedly says things that sound like jokes but nobody has any idea what they mean, whereupon the studio audi-

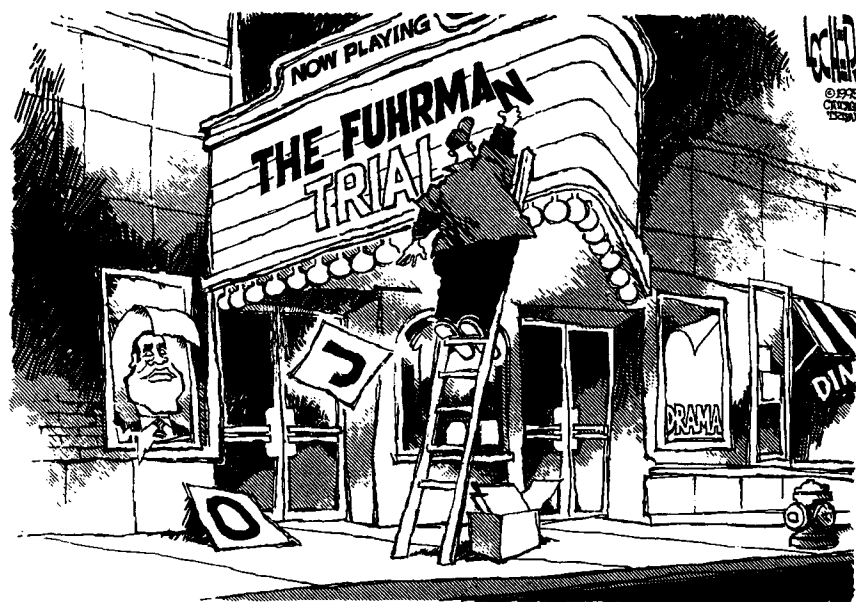
ence laughs uproariously. "Paul, what about those Albigenians, Paul? *Man*. You hear what Michael said to Roseanne and Priscilla and Sly and Brooke and Ozalp about those Albigenians? No more herring sausages. Gone. *Gesh-vinkto*." (Pause.) "But that was before Dorabella showed up." (Wild hilarity.) Even Letterman himself seems puzzled. The musical director can't help grinning in mortification. The entire program staff—the directors, cameramen, cue-card-holders and so forth who roam aimlessly in front of the stage—are in a perpetual funk, because no one can figure out what's going on. But the fact is, David Letterman seems like a nice man and he obviously tries *very* hard, and no one wants to embarrass him by saying

something like, "Excuse me, sir, but is it possible that something was accidentally left out of that last joke?" The public feels sorry for people. That's just the way the public is.

But I suppose it's just barely possible that people actually do care about this trial. What could account for that? The answer is by no means obvious. In Europe, *The Economist* reports, it is deemed "inexplicable" that "the O.J. trial should have become the new American pastime." Back home, CNN is said to have a staff of 70 on the case. The O.J. affair beat out the elections in total network-news spots during 1994, and left such trivia as the Rwanda massacre and the Clinton health plan miles behind. People claim in surveys to be sick of the whole thing, and yet they watch anyway. Why?

The grotesque is a better-developed tradition in Europe than in America. Tourists gather in cobbled courtyards to stare at tower clocks of the late Middle Ages. Some have hourly parades of hideous carved-wood parody characters: the priest, the peasant, the robber, the Jew. Such a parade is an ancient toothless grin frozen in time. It is a laughing mummy. People stare the way they do at car wrecks or freak shows. The grotesque is an important genre, one we don't understand as well as we should. It seems especially well-developed in Central Europe within the broad sweep of Germanic civilization: Hieronymus Bosch is its official artist; you can see modern echoes in George Grosz and hear traces, if you listen to the lyrics, in objects as sublime as Bach's cantatas.

The powerful appeal of the grotesque



Mr. Gelernter is a professor of computer science at Yale, a contributing editor of City Journal, and the author of 1939: The Lost World of the Fair.

is our best hope of comprehending the nation's fascination with the Simpson trial. Each character is the nastiest sort of self-parody; a playwright who put this trial together would rightly have been condemned for meanness. The black man enacts the brutal abuser of white women. (The athlete plays a thug.) The working mother is the vain and driven career woman who values prestige above her children. The Hispanic woman is a whining crank; the groupie is a moron. The preening defense lawyers are ego in suits. Instead of embodying the Majesty of the Law the judge has chosen to portray some huge and previously undiscovered type of chicken, fussing and clucking. Exactly how shocking is it that the policeman turns out to be a lout? The public stares at the parade of monstrosities as the clock chimes, horrified yet unable to turn away. It's natural that people claim to be sick of it but watch anyway.

AND MORE: the Simpson freak show tells us something big and sad about the national mood. We used to love Norman Rockwell's illustrations. He held the mirror up to nature—the nature, specifically, of our thoughts and fancies about American life. It was awfully naïve of those long-ago people, we think, to have been diverted by false fluff. But the evidence suggests that we are the most naïve (worst educated, worst informed) citizens to hit the country in a long time. It's not that Americans of the Forties and Fifties believed that, anywhere you looked, the scene that met your eyes was just bound to be so charming you could throw up; they believed they were entitled to optimistic fantasies. The nation wasn't perfect but it was getting better, and people felt good.

The Simpson trial is anti-Rockwell; answers perfectly to the grotesque fantasies of a nation that is (people fear) not doing well and getting worse. It confronts us with questions we've had in the back of our minds for too long. Is our crazy celebrity culture out of hand? For example: when you're tired of your ex-wife you kill her, and use your endless money to buy off the law? Not quite true. But true to our fears, as Rockwell was to our hopes. (It's natural that Europeans can't see the point; these are our fears, not theirs.) Have we pumped so much cash into the lawyers' pockets that the dam has

burst finally, drowning us all in toxic drivel? Have decades of massive social spending and arrogant do-gooding yielded a racial animus so intense that black citizens would make a hero of a thing like Simpson out of plain spite? What sort of hypocritical, demented nation whines constantly about the awful condition of its youth while insisting that a mother's leaving the kids to chase power, prestige, and money is not merely acceptable but praiseworthy? Has the blunt dignity we used to associate with the office of policeman collapsed so completely that a character like Fuhrman doesn't even have the self-respect to shut up?

It's not a painting and it wouldn't fit on the cover of the *Saturday Evening Post*, but the Simpson trial, you see, is conceptual art. (So long as we have this silly term we might as well use it.) It is a tableau vivant by Rockwell's bitter shade.

An obvious and more noble analogy suggests itself but is then dismissed for equally obvious reasons. There is a certain resemblance between Simpson and Othello. The noble black man who has won society's affection and respect marries a beautiful blonde, and we all wish him well. And then (evidently) he murders her in a fit of insane jealousy. But Othello denounces himself in a moving speech and commits suicide; the play would be regarded differently if he had hired a team of crack lawyers instead.

*Then phoned I Shapiro and
the honest Cochran.*



"Next time, sir, I'd order them on the half-shell."

*"Canst fork over cash, my
man? Why then,
We would defend thee hadst
thou slain our grandmas!
Yea, roll'd o'er our best
friends' faces in thy
Lofty Winnebago!"*

The Fuhrman tapes have created a sensation. People are honestly shocked by the man's blatancy. He is not exactly Dear Abby in the tact department, is he? ("Dear Mark" would be a column of a very different complexion, one supposes. "My boyfriend is flirting with another girl. What should I do?" "Dear Sad A—, Sneak up behind him, grab his hair, smash his kidneys with a bowling ball, and stomp the f—'s face until he dies. Your friend, . . .") But what has really gotten the nation's top journalists excited is the opportunity to indulge their favorite emotion, sanctimoniousness. When you are a society that allows congressmen to be denounced as racists because they voted against some spending program or other, what do you call a man who really *is* a racist? An artichoke? The degradation of our language is one reason it has been so difficult to keep the Fuhrman affair in perspective. It is indeed an ugly thing to be a bigot and to fake evidence. Then again there are worse things, such as murdering your wife.

At one point it even looked as if poor Judge Ito would have to step aside because of the infamous tapes: Fuhrman had denounced Ito's wife, Police Captain Margaret York, in range of the microphone. Ito felt called upon to issue a clarification from the bench to the effect that, notwithstanding the professional judgment of former Los Angeles Police Detective Mark Fuhrman, he liked his wife anyway. Somehow Captain York resisted the temptation to call a prime-time news conference, invite the networks, and announce that she was fond of her husband too. Things got so confused for a while that the *New York Times* editorial page had to step in and issue a ruling. (The tapes are "clearly germane to the trial and ought to be admitted into evidence.") Would that every jurist in America could look to the *Times* for guidance at those tricky moments.

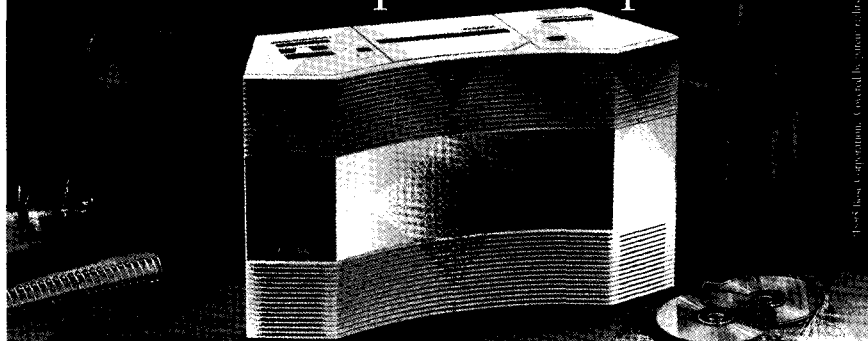
Many people, in any event, have made the reasonable observation that just because Fuhrman is a slime doesn't prove he planted evidence in

the Simpson case. But before you are allowed to make this comment, protocol requires that you bang your forehead on the ground ten times while denouncing injustice and wiggling your backside to the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." Certain journalists would like to treat the tapes as typical, not exceptional. "Racism of a rogue officer," the *New York Times* announces, licking its chops, "casts suspicion on police nationwide." How much consideration did it give to a headline along the lines of "Murder of Mrs. Simpson casts suspicion on black males nationwide"?

The proceedings appear to be nearing a conclusion, but maybe not; now is the time for each and every one of us to come to grips, in his innermost soul, with the fact that this trial might very possibly go on forever. Even if it doesn't, recall that legal experts have believed for some time that the likeliest outcome is a hung jury, a mistrial, and another round. The Simpson defense strategy probably entails (among other things) bankrupting the State of California, but I don't think it will work; we could declare Judge Ito's courtroom a disaster area and the money would flow, or, if worse came to worst, Marcia Clark could take up a collection door to door and I'm sure we would all contribute generously. Of course she would need some appropriate door-to-door-collecting outfits (flowing skirts, understated silk blouses in outdoorsy earth tones), but what are ex-husbands for? I imagine promising toddlers might be identified as potential Simpson jurors by age 2 and sequestered for life.

Then again, the sheer ugliness of these anti-Rockwell characters might even bring us to our senses. Is this what we have become? We're tired, we might possibly conclude, of the Big Star whose every burp is news, of the stinking-rich Celebrity Lawyer, the Virile Mother, the Vanished Father, the Public Servant who curses out the public. We want the old Rockwell characters back. The beam-ing Mom and Dad with the turkey, remember? The kids dressed up for school, the country doc? Pathetic, say the Social Commentators; those people never existed. Maybe not, but when the clock struck noon they made a better parade than the O.J. crowd. Perhaps in years to come we might even be lucky enough, when we look back at this trial, to be able to tell our grandchildren: That was American culture at its lowest ebb. Afterward, things had to turn around. □

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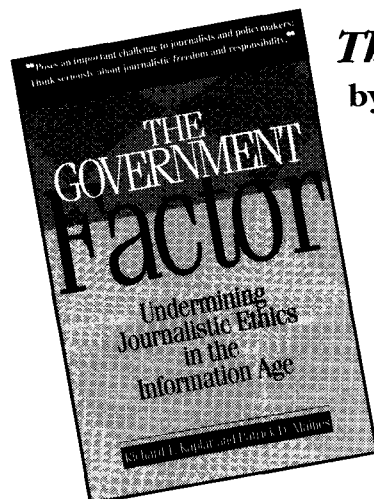
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Anti-Medicine Man

Raw politics has replaced science at the FDA as its head parcels out benefits to favored interest groups.

HENRY MILLER, MD

IN 1991, when David Kessler became Commissioner of the Food and Drug Administration, he promised dramatic reforms to change the slow and ponderous ways of the agency,

Dr. Miller is the Robert Wesson Fellow of Scientific Philosophy and Public Policy at the Hoover Institution and Consulting Professor at Stanford University's Institute for International Studies. From 1979 to 1993, he held a variety of posts at the Food and Drug Administration.

which regulates products accounting for 25 cents of every consumer dollar. He "would teach the elephant to dance," he said. So he has—to a tune called by politicians.

Early in his administration, Kessler chose a high-profile case calculated to demonstrate his toughness on industry on the evening news. He didn't go after defective heart valves, or a death-inducing drug. He went after *orange juice*. Not because it was spoiled, contaminated, or unwholesome, but because it

was labeled "fresh" even though it was made from concentrate. For that reason alone, the FDA sent federal marshals to confiscate 15,000 gallons of juice. On *60 Minutes*, Kessler explained that it wasn't very hard to tell the difference: "My grandmother could have told you. I mean, it wasn't fresh." So consumers could easily tell by the taste that the juice came from concentrate, but they could not be allowed to decide whether they liked it enough to buy it.

Kessler followed this decision with an even higher-profile and more costly ban on silicone breast implants, although there was little evidence of health risks from them (see p. 50).

The agency's politicization accelerated before my eyes during the Clinton Administration. Direction on science policy (and sometimes even on civil-service personnel matters) was now provided by a political commissar, Jerold Mande, a former Senate staffer for Al Gore who conveyed the White House's instructions to Kessler. Linda Suydam, acting

THE KESSLER KASTLE

Smoke and Mirrors

SAMHSA is hardly one of Washington's best-known acronym agencies. This summer, the Substance Abuse and Mental Health Services Administration was preparing to issue final regulations for a carefully designed plan to combat teenage smoking. Under Section 1926 of the Public Health Act, the Secretary of Health and Human Services (in whose bailiwick SAMHSA is located) has the power to make block grants to the states conditional on the implementation of anti-teen-smoking programs, and SAMHSA had been busy holding hearings with a view to releasing a final program this fall.

Into SAMHSA's jurisdiction jumped Food and Drug Administration czar David Kessler. As the *Food & Drug Insider Report* newsletter put it: "Like the schoolyard bully elbowing the littler kid aside, David Kessler has pushed his way to the front of the Clinton Administration's anti-tobacco parade." Kessler, the *Insider Report* notes, has an addiction to

media attention, a craving for a more powerful FDA, and "undisguised opportunism." He has been publicly pitching for cigarette regulation for at least a year, and last month President Clinton finally gave him the go-ahead. The FDA simultaneously released a slew of draconian restrictions—bans on advertising, bans on tobacco-company sponsorships, new warning notices on packages, and a \$150-million propaganda campaign financed by the industry but designed and run by Dr. Kessler.

The first result of this power grab will be to jeopardize collaboration between cigarette companies and the Federal Government, of the sort that SAMHSA had developed with Philip Morris in its voluntary campaign against under-age smoking. Kessler's antics also clumsily encouraged the advertising industry to support the tobacco companies in a legal challenge to FDA jurisdiction, which is going to have the agency in the courts for several years.

Cigarettes are not "drugs" in the sense of the pharmaceutical medicines envisioned as objects of FDA regula-

tion. The Food, Drug, and Cosmetic Act, from which the agency derives its authority, speaks of the FDA regulating "drugs [or] devices . . . intended for use in the treatment or prevention of disease in man. . . ." (21 U.S.C. 321 g). And court cases have established that FDA jurisdiction is limited to substances for which a therapeutic claim has been made.

Now, there *are* studies showing that smoking reduces the incidence of degenerative diseases and reduces stress and high blood pressure. But given that the tobacco companies make no therapeutic claims, selling cigarettes only as a source of pleasure, their products are under the jurisdiction of SAMHSA, not the FDA.

President Clinton knows that the appointment of Dr. Kessler as anti-smoking czar will produce political and legal fireworks, and no action. There won't be any action because of the legal challenges to FDA authority, and because Congress is unlikely to provide the money or the legislation to support it. The new Congress has already killed the 500-acre, \$675-million FDA office/laboratory campus proposed for Clarksburg, Maryland, which insiders dubbed the Kessler Kastle. The FDA does not need to be encouraged to spread its mischief further afield.

—PETER SAMUEL

Mr. Samuel is an NR contributing editor.

deputy commissioner for operations of the FDA, blandly described his portfolio as "areas that are of high visibility and/or of interest to the White House."

A case in point is the FDA's 1993 review of a new female contraceptive. This contraceptive had a 26 per cent failure rate, much higher than alternatives; so the agency was reluctant to approve it. But someone in the office of Donna Shalala, the Secretary of Health and Human Services, called the FDA to make it clear that HHS wanted this product approved. Approval followed immediately.

Biotechnology provides perhaps the most illuminating example of politics at the agency. Prior to the Clinton Administration, the FDA had a consistent and generally positive 15-year track record of regulating biotech. But some people in the Clinton Administration, influenced by the kind of primitivist environmental views propounded by Vice President Al Gore in *Earth in the Balance*, oppose biotechnology on principle. The Administration therefore set out to undermine the scientific paradigm that had been the basis for biotech policymaking.

Signaling this reversal, the FDA announced last year that it would soon require manufacturers to notify the agency before marketing foods manufactured with new biotech techniques, like the use of high-precision recombinant DNA (or gene-splicing), regardless of the risks posed. Foods manufactured using older, cruder techniques like hybridization were exempted from the rule. Confronted by a Republican Congress intent on the use of scientific risk analysis by regulators, the FDA shelved the biotech notification proposal, at least temporarily. But this *volte-face* itself reveals the unscientific basis of the FDA's approach.

Another example of the new approach was the absurdly prolonged review of the long-shelf-life tomato. This took four years, compared to five and eleven months respectively for the first two new biotech therapeutics in the early 1980s—human insulin and human growth hormone.

Or take the review of the milk-stimulating drug, bST (bovine somatotropin). I was head of the FDA's Office of Biotechnology at the time, and knew that Jerold Mande had relayed instructions from the White House to Kessler, who then directed a vigorous FDA-wide search for reasons *not* to approve bST.

Two completely superfluous meetings of advisory committees were held during the final stages of the evaluation process, as a kind of fishing expedition for arguments against approval. bST was reluctantly approved nonetheless. Now, however, the FDA is damaging its marketing potential by taking no action against stores that have signs proclaiming "NO bST." Since cows' milk naturally contains bST, these labels are inaccurate, a violation of federal law; yet the FDA has done nothing.

Kessler has even eliminated the two policy offices having extensive involvement with the biotechnology industry (the Office of Biotechnology and the Office of Small Business, Scientific, and Trade Affairs). Meanwhile, he has moved dozens of FDA employees from all over the agency to work on the anti-tobacco initiative. The result has been many critical jobs understaffed or undone, new drugs and other products not approved and therefore not available to patients, and inspections and other regulatory actions delayed.

The FDA's press releases, to be sure, tell a different story. In January, the FDA proclaimed with great fanfare that 1994 had been a "record-setting" year for drug approvals. It maintained, for example, that approval times for biologics (such as vaccines and biotechnology and blood products) had dropped precipitously, and they noted that 15 "major biologics actions" were taken. But the FDA's real success was only in manipulating statistics.

Some of this distortion is simple enough: reporting medians instead of averages, for instance, makes the numbers look better. Some of it involves a "gaming" of the drug evaluation process to produce better numbers: since the marketing approval of a drug is the last step of a lengthy process, the FDA can lift its approval rate by making the earlier steps so difficult that few manufacturers reach the stage of requesting it. FDA evaluators would then have more time to speed through the few applications that came in. It's like a quarterback going after a record for completions by repeatedly throwing short passes, though the plays lose yardage.

This appears to be what has occurred. During the past few years, the FDA has introduced various impediments to drug development, including extraordinarily stringent rules on the reporting of drugs' side effects; restrictions on "promotional activities" (which prevent

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companies from even convening focus groups to determine how to make packaging and labeling more user-friendly); and new controls over manufacturing that can cause interruptions in drug production during clinical trials for even the most trivial change in procedure.

As a result, the number of applications submitted to the FDA for marketing approval, in particular of biologics, has declined: during FDA fiscal year 1993, ten were submitted, compared to eight in FY 1994. The absolute number of products approved is declining as

well. According to the Pharmaceutical Research and Manufacturers of America, in 1994 the FDA approved 22 drugs, down from 25 in 1993. In short, products are being further slowed in an already sluggish testing pipeline. Bear in mind that these products could help

FDA ON THE LOOSE

Implanting Fear

EARLY in 1991, a New York jury awarded a woman \$4.45 million in damages for problems associated with polyurethane-coated breast implants. Later that same year, a jury in Alabama returned a verdict of \$5.4 million in favor of an implant recipient. And in December 1991 a California court awarded an implant recipient \$7.3 million in total damages.

While courts later reduced the New York and Alabama damage awards, the combination of these cases generated huge publicity. And, in January 1992, FDA Commissioner David Kessler urged manufacturers to cease producing silicone-gel-filled breast implants and urged doctors to stop using them for augmentation or other surgery. Defending his action in the face of an advisory-panel suggestion that implants should still be sold to women who chose to accept the possible risks, Dr. Kessler asserted that some rheumatologists had seen an increase in the incidence of auto-immune disease among implant users.

In February 1992, the FDA advisory panel recommended limited access for those who sought reconstruction and augmentation, and concluded that not enough scientific evidence linked implants to disease to warrant a complete ban. In fact, Britain's Department of Health refused to place such a ban on the use of these implants for this very reason: there was no scientific knowledge that warranted a moratorium. Nevertheless, the FDA under the direc-

tion of Dr. Kessler imposed an almost total ban on these implants in April of that year.

The effect of this moratorium was significant. Manufacturers felt pressure to settle lawsuits regarding their implants, and many of them abandoned the silicone market altogether. The FDA's announcement caused unwarranted fear among implant recipients and promoted the media's exaggeration of unproven risks. The ban limited a woman's ability to choose historically safe methods of medical and cosmetic intervention and it also caused significant increases in the prices of other medical devices composed of silicone including heart valves and catheters.

Was there any evidence at all that silicone breast implants were a threat to a woman's health? No. In fact, scientists cannot establish any causal link between silicone and the various diseases being suffered by implant recipients.

Silicon and silicone are all around us. We ingest silicon in our drinking water every day. Silicon compounds are used in deodorants, food fillers and preservatives, fruit juices and sauces, hamburgers and French fries. Silicone, which is a mix of silicon and oxygen, is as biologically inert as anything save saline or water. Silicones are used in cosmetics, hair products, shaving creams, toothpastes, oral medications, and colognes. There is simply no scientific data indicating that cancers, immunological reactions, or rheumatic conditions are caused by this chemical.

Most recently, several massive epidemiological studies have confirmed what had already been taken as scientific fact—namely, that silicone implants do not increase the risk of the various diseases over which the implant manufacturers have been sued. Seventeen studies in total have shown no causal link be-

tween silicone and connective-disease disorders or numerous other "syndromes." The two largest and most recent studies are the Mayo Clinic Study performed by Dr. Sherine Gabriel, and the Nurses Health Study performed by Dr. Jorge Sanchez-Guerrero of the Harvard Medical School. Dr. Gabriel's study, published last year, was a population-based study of women in Olmsted County, Minnesota, who received breast implants between 1964 and 1991—a total of 749 women. The study found no association between breast implants and connective-tissue disease; only 5 implant recipients developed any tissue disease, as opposed to 10 non-recipients. Similarly, 25 women with implants developed arthritis, as opposed to 39 women who did not have the implants.

Dr. Sanchez-Guerrero's study, published on June 22 of this year, began in 1976. It included 876 women with silicone-gel breast implants. It also found no increased risk of connective-tissue diseases in women with implants. In fact, it found that women with the implants were 70 per cent less likely to contract connective-tissue disease.

Other studies of the relationship between silicone and disease have been run at the University of Michigan, Johns Hopkins, and the Universities of Texas, Maryland, Alabama, and Nevada; none have found any linkage between silicone and disease. Further, studies throughout the world, including Canada's University of Toronto, Australia's Royal North Shore Hospital, Italy's Molinette Hospital, Germany's Technische University, and Scotland's St. Johns Hospital (Edinburgh), have failed to find a correlation between implants and any of the diseases complained of by plaintiffs in breast-implant cases.

The FDA's actions with respect to breast implants have been indefensible, and are probably now irremediable. If the agency is to restore its own scientific credibility it must act in the future on scientific proof, not public fear generated by plaintiffs' lawyers.

—B. D. DANIEL & MICHAEL WEISS

Mr. Daniel is a former special litigation counsel at the Department of Justice. Mr. Weiss is an adjunct professor of law at the University of Houston Law Center. Both are attorneys with Kasowitz, Hoff, Benson, Torres, & Friedman.

treat diseases such as arthritis, schizophrenia, multiple sclerosis, and AIDS.

As a consequence of the FDA's hyper-regulatory, "zero-risk" mindset, it takes 12 to 15 years and more than a third of a billion dollars to develop a new drug in the U.S.—a price tag that applies whether the product ultimately serves one hundred patients or one hundred million. The FDA is blocking the development of new biotechnology that has the potential to provide farmers with innovative tools that can reduce the use of agricultural chemicals, and to offer consumers tastier and more nutritious food choices, such as leaner meats and more healthful cooking oils. These new policies afford no conceivable public-health advantage. Indeed, the reduction in numbers of new products may actually harm public health. At a time when the idea of regulation in the public interest is being questioned, the FDA's politicization can only make regulation seem less legitimate.

The agency's response to the criticism

that these kinds of decisions have understandably provoked has been troubling. Agency officials have unequivocally warned drug and biotechnology companies: if you're tempted to criticize us publicly, don't forget who controls when—and whether—your products are approved. After these threats, several companies and the drug industry's trade association withdrew from a January 1995 public meeting to discuss reform of the FDA's regulation of biologics.

During my 15 years of observing the FDA—years spanning the Administrations of four Presidents—different management styles and regulatory philosophies have governed the agency. But raw political influence has never been permitted to dictate FDA decisions as much as in the Clinton Administration. It sometimes seems that the issue at stake in an FDA decision is which interest group currently deserves a reward. Science and law are now subordinate to politics and public relations at the FDA. □

reigning attitude in Huairou, the Chinese village recently transformed by the addition of tents, concrete hostels, and 20,000 women from every country in the world into a veritable cornucopia of workshops, panel discussions, demonstrations, and debates.

Huairou was, of course, the site of the Non-Governmental Organizations' Forum on Women, the unofficial part of the United Nations Fourth World Conference on Women. Betty Friedan, the woman from Yakutia, and 20,000 other women were in Huairou to lobby the government officials who ultimately signed the "Platform for Action"—of which more later.

But they were also in Huairou to exchange ideas—or, as some of the many Americans would have said, simply to relate. This was less simple than it may sound. Often the women seemed divided quite fundamentally. Just a few tents down from Betty Friedan, for example, a group of somewhat confused Japanese women were explaining the work of their charity, which delivers meals to the elderly. There was a photograph of a typical meal, and there were pictures of the elderly who eat the meals, but the women seemed unsure of why they were in Huairou: "We are looking forward anxiously to understanding what other women have to say here," one told me. "We are leaving tomorrow," said another. A hundred yards further on, a group of much less confused Japanese feminists—black dresses, black sunglasses, short hair—were demonstrating against nuclear testing: "Ban All Bombs" read their banner.

Much more fundamental, however, was the clear divide between women from the developing world and women from industrial countries. Most of the Third World women were interested in very basic issues: the horrors of female circumcision, legal systems which prevent women from owning property, hunger and illiteracy. Some of them had no right to be in China at all. In the "official" Tibetan tent, Tibetan women were handing out leaflets claiming that "various assertions" about Tibetan women are "totally groundless." Later, Tibetan women who have been expelled from their country staged protests reminding the world that Tibetan women who maintain their loyalty to the Dalai Lama risk beatings, jail, and death.

The Western agenda was somewhat different: it ranged from lesbian rights to the need for women's studies at uni-

Club Fem

Western women who want abortion and lesbian 'rights' are bored by Third World women who want to work, own property, and not be raped.

ANNE APPLEBAUM

IT was late afternoon and rain was falling, making a soft drumming noise on the tent where Betty Friedan, draped in a flowing, leopard-print dress, had just been speaking about the need to "transcend polarization and create a new form of women's community." Now she was sitting silent while a Yakut woman, dressed in a stiff beige suit and a stiff white blouse, read a speech in stiffly translated French. In Yakutia, the woman explained, "mothers must be the basis of a renaissance of ethnic nationhood."

Betty Friedan raised her eyebrows.

But in Yakutia, the woman continued, stumbling over her words, "women work but they are also mothers and domestic workers," which is not an easy combination in northern Siberia.

Betty Friedan glanced at her watch.

No doubt the grandmother of American feminism—after her book *The Feminine Mystique* was published in 1963, millions of bored American housewives dropped their brooms, abandoned their dustpans, left their well-appointed suburban homes, and went back to work—had a touch of jet-lag. Or perhaps some forms of cross-cultural interaction are more exciting than others.

If anyone sensed any irony in the situation—here was a Yakut woman complaining of the difficulties of combining work and home-making, and here was Betty Friedan, who once complained of the boredom of *not* combining work and home-making—no one pointed it out. But then, irony was not really the

Miss Applebaum is deputy editor of the *Spectator* in London.

versities to "Gender Stereotyping and Sexism in Advertising" (a workshop sponsored by the Montreal Council of Women). French women were discussing feminist theory; American women were talking about black women's literature. If that sounds like evidence of Western women's success—after all, we won the right to own property and vote long ago—that isn't the way most at Huairou would have seen it. That Western women are oppressed, and that they share their oppression with their sisters in the rest of the world, was a fundamental assumption of the conference.

It certainly did make for some odd juxtapositions, and occasionally a degree of discomfort. In the women's bookshop, the Tanzanian Media Women's Association was selling brightly printed African scarves, while the American Association for the Advancement of Science was selling textbooks (*In Touch with Electricity*) and answering questions about how to teach science to girls. At a workshop entitled "Politics of Difference: Single Women," a few Indians

turned up expecting to talk about prostitution and the unbearable pressures brought to bear on women who want to leave unhappy arranged marriages, while a few Americans turned up expecting to talk about the difficulties of living alone in Philadelphia ("People, like, think you're lesbian").

Most of all, though, the differences underlined the fundamental absurdity of the idea that a UN conference is an appropriate place to resolve the problems of all women everywhere. "Our issues are much more basic: we need education, we need a health system that works," Wanjiru Cithongo, an articulate Kenyan woman, told me. She also felt offended that the promotion of birth control, as well as abortion, had now become the primary (sometimes the only) concern of development agencies, thanks mostly to American pressure: "Aid agencies are only talking about reproductive health, not women's total health. I can have contraceptives for free at the Planned Parenthood clinic, but if I want penicillin—which might save a

child's life—no one from the outside world will pay for that."

Emmie Chanika, an even more forceful Malawian with braided hair, full tribal kit, and a better command of English than most Englishwomen, said the whole conference seemed concerned with issues that are alien to her. "Women here say they are fighting for their rights," she said, "but we differ in what we mean about rights." In Malawi, she explained, witch doctors had taken to telling men that sleeping with a girl child would make them rich: "We would like girl children to have a right not to be raped over and over again: this is a real problem. But the Western women here seem interested only in other kinds of rights"—like the right to abortion or the right to divorce or the right to live alone. (The notion of lesbian rights merely mystified her: "Let me think—do we have a word for lesbian in Malawi?")

After a few days of listening to this sort of talk, it was also impossible not to feel that something was very wrong

EQUAL RIGHTS

Men Up, or Women Down?

TOTALITARIANISM is not quite dead yet: it still attracts the well-meaning and the power-hungry alike. At the United Nations Conference on Women, the 5,000 official delegates discussed a document (the *Draft Platform for Action*) whose proposals leave no aspect of human life untouched by government interference.

As a doctor, I was particularly interested in the proposals concerning health. The document states that, *inter alia*, health is a state of complete physical, mental, and social well-being. This is the World Health Organization's definition of health; not a single one of those 5,000 delegates pointed out that this definition is either entirely fatuous or deeply sinister.

Why was something so obvious overlooked? I think the reason is plain: when one combines this definition of health with other statements, to the effect that every woman has the right to health and that it is the duty of govern-

ment to make sure that she enjoys it, there follows in strict logic a rationale for government control of anything and everything.

The document also states, "Women's right to the enjoyment of the highest standard of health must be secured throughout the whole life cycle in equality with men."

Nothing wrong with that; except that almost everywhere in the world, males have a higher mortality rate than females. Should governments, then, devote special medical attention to men? Or should they further neglect women *vis-à-vis* men? If equality were important in itself, it would be a matter of indifference whether male mortality rates were reduced, or female mortality rates raised. So I asked the press officer of the British delegation whether men should be saved, or women killed. She went to ask the delegation's medical advisor, who was very angry, and returned the answer that it was well known and universally accepted that the differential between male and female life expectancies was the result of biological factors.

"Wasn't that what they used to say about the difference between the way men and women think?" I asked.

Besides, I pointed out, the difference in life expectancies is *not* an immutable figure. In Russia, for example, it is now 13 years; in Britain 6; in most of Africa 3. These figures are different not only in absolute terms, but in relative ones: for example, in Africa men live 94.4 per cent as long as women, in Britain 92.4 per cent as long, and in Russia 81.9 per cent. Using the feminist mode of argumentation, I said that these figures implied a considerable social dimension to the differential between the life expectancies of men and women, which was therefore eradicable.

"But," replied my interlocutor, now white with rage, "it has been proved that helping women is an extremely cost-effective way of improving their life expectancy."

"In which case," I said, "any attempt to help them would result in a widening of the inequality and a net increase in injustice in the world."

Had I suggested that wife-beating and domestic violence were not terrible evils (as they are), but the natural, irrepressible, and laudable expression of men's superior physical strength, I could not have provoked a more vehement reaction. —ANTHONY DANIELS

Dr. Daniels is the author of Utopias Elsewhere.

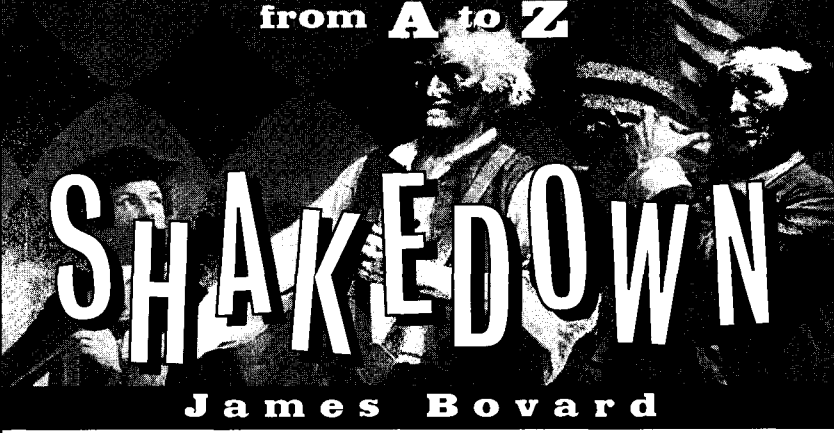
with the way that the obsessions of American feminism dominated the "official" debate in Peking. Leafing through the 149-page Platform for Action, for example, it was impossible not to note that the word "sex" almost never appears; it has been replaced by the word "gender." Although "gender" is never defined in the document, Virginia Ofusu-Amaah, head of the Gender, Population, and Development Branch (formerly the Sex, Population, and Development Branch) in the UN's Fund for Population Activities recently offered some clues, explaining that "gender refers to socially constructed roles, and gender roles change. Sex does not change." Using the expression "gender" rather than sex, in other words, implies that "women" is in fact an infinitely malleable social construct, of which biology is not necessarily the most important element.

The words "mother" and "motherhood" rarely appeared either, presumably because those would be unacceptable, old-fashioned gender roles, clearly derived from female biology. Instead, the document bemoans the fact that the "unequal division of labor and responsibilities within households based on unequal power relations also limits women's potential . . . for participation in decision-making in wider public forums." Translating into English, I take that to mean that having children makes it hard for women to participate in public life as fully as men, and that something must be done about it.

Of course, it is hard to object to the idea that women should have access to the worlds of work and politics, particularly in societies (like ours) with high divorce rates, where most women must either have careers or risk future impoverishment. Women who don't want children, or who are wealthy enough to have nannies or lucky enough to have extended families, must be allowed the legal right to work if they need to or want to, and the legal right to own property: in the Western world, those are now accepted rights, and the many Third World women have come here to fight for those rights as well.

But there is nevertheless something shocking, and unique to Western feminism, about this notion that biology can be discarded just as easily as bras can be burned, or that having children is nothing but a burden to working women, or that women's reproductive role can be neutralized through UN-recommended

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"government programs" and the distribution of documents like the Platform for Action. No wonder that so many Third World governments, and so many Third World women at the conference, objected to it: far from representing the views of the world's women, this document represents the views of a narrow sect of Western women, who believe that the only acceptable form of "progress" is the shedding of biology and the abandonment of the traditional family.

Only every once in a while did someone remind those in Huairou that not all such progress is good for women. As an Iranian woman explained during one workshop, "the West thinks it is progressive because it has no polygamy, as the Muslim world has. But if a man wants another woman in the West, he takes a mistress, and the wife just has to put up with it. Or he takes a second wife, and the first wife has to leave. Why is that more progressive?" At least, she pointed out, first wives maintain some rights and some status within Muslim families.

But hers was a lone voice. Of the 20,000 women in Huairou, I would guess that about half were American, and of those, I would guess that nearly all think of themselves as liberated, and therefore superior to the "unliberated" women of Africa and Asia. I would also guess that nearly all of these unliberated women—many of whom are involved in genuinely good projects (teaching girls to read, fighting against domestic violence)—maintain a degree of skepticism about the women of the West, who have abandoned some of the things which they believe to be essential.

But all is not lost. There is at least one issue—aside from boring, old-fashioned, outdated biology—which does unite all women everywhere. I found it at a workshop organized by Sisterlove, an unusually cheerful American women's charity. "So how many of you all think O.J. Simpson will get off?" shouted a largish black woman; the women all raised their hands and cheered. "And how many of you are p—— off about it?": everyone cheered again; women from Australia, South Africa, and Britain got up to talk about their loathing of the trial.

Toward the end of the discussion, I noticed that a woman from Papua-New Guinea stood beside me. Had she heard of O.J.? Yes, she told me, she saw the trial on CNN: "and I am p—— off too." □



THE VICE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON

September 15, 1995

Dear Rusty,

You'll never guess who I met last week! Hint: he dresses in robes, speaks in a foreign accent, and has been reincarnated 17 times. Give up? I gave Tipper the same clues, but after she guessed "Henry Kissinger," she lost interest in the game.

Okay, I'll tell you: the Dalai Lama! That's right! The Lama himself was right in my office, and let me tell you, we had a great conversation. He has a real "presence," if you will—you can tell at once that he's a religious man, and not just because of the robes and the bald head and the incense, either. His eyes are very wise, in a non-Western way. And the way he kept murmuring, "We need more money," had a distinctly spiritual ring to it.

You're probably wondering how this all came about. Well, with Mrs. William Jefferson Clinton in Beijing, at the UN Women's Tribunal, a lot of us in Washington thought we should do something publicly to denounce the repressive regime in Beijing. But since we've been doing that for a couple of years now, and it hasn't seemed to work—I mean, they're all still in power over there (though I hear that Deng smokes two packs of unfiltered Camels every day, and has since he was 17 years old, so he'll be lucky to see his 97th birthday)—someone over at State thought it would be smart to consult with an expert. And who knows better how to deal with the Chinese than the Dalai, who's been on the run since the late '50s?

Anyway, besides you and my daughter Karennia, I don't really know any practicing Buddhists, so I was a little nervous about the meeting. Plus, Tipper, Sara, and Kristin insisted on being part of the formal greeting party, "in case he brings Richard Gere," so the office was crowded.

Yet he instantly put us at ease. He sort of glided into the room—a big robe and flip-flops has that effect—sipped a glass of iced tea, and smiled. Tip and the girls left quickly—no Richard Gere, just a few monks—and the Dalai and I got down to talking. "Welcome to Washington," I said.

"Thank you, Mr. Vice President. You know, your office looks remarkably like the set they're using on Oliver Stone's movie Nixon."

"Really? I didn't know that," I said.

"Oh yeah. Oliver's pretty much a detail person. I just visited with him. I flew in on the red-eye."

"Oh."

"Can I get a slice of lemon in this tea?"

"Of course, of course," I said, and sent an usher out to get a tray of lemons.

"So, Mr. Vice President," the Lama continued, "as you know, the Chinese have been occupying my nation of Tibet for almost half a century. Theirs is a brutal and violent reign."

"Yes, we know. But you see, Dalai Lama, we're having a hard time deciding on a policy."

"Any chance of a cigarette?"

"I'm sorry, your Holiness, but there's no smoking in the White House."

"Not even for a reincarnated holy man?"

He had a point, Rusty—and since the enforcer of the "No Smoking" rule was in Beijing I sent another usher out for Marlboro 100s and a light.

"So," I continued, "do you have any suggestions as to how to proceed with our relationship with Beijing? How we can stop the violence against your people?"

The Lama thought about this. "I'm not sure," he finally murmured. "We've been fighting them for generations—well, not fighting, since we're non-violent and we advocate non-violence for others—but we've been pressuring them and pressuring them, and so far, with no result."

"Hey, same here," I said. "But you know, the First Lady is in Beijing right now. Just yesterday they passed a law against sex-based wage inequities, so if we keep our fingers crossed, they might get to the whole Tibet situation before the Tribunal disbands."

An usher dashed into the office. Apparently, no one in the White House would admit to having cigarettes—they suspected some sort of trap, it seems—so the usher had to race down a couple of blocks to the liquor store. He was mugged.

"I'm sorry, Dalai Lama, but I'm afraid we won't be able to offer you a cigarette. But if we could get back to the violence in your homeland . . ."

"I wish we could. Unfortunately, I'm due for dinner in Manhattan with Richard Gere. If I leave right now I can snag the three o'clock shuttle."

As the Dalai left my office, an aide handed me an urgent cable. Mrs. William Jefferson Clinton and the delegation at the UN Women's Tribunal in Beijing had just voted to outlaw male aggression, which, if broadly defined, might include things like the Chinese invasion of Tibet. So at least there was some good news to celebrate.

Your pal, Al

BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

Three-Star Generalist

GLENN C. LOURY

FRANCIS Fukuyama's 1992 book, *The End of History and the Last Man*, undertook no less a task than to demonstrate that History, defined in Hegelian terms as the teleological evolution of human societies, had reached its culmination in the political and economic institutions of democratic capitalism. Institutional convergence in the industrial societies, Mr. Fukuyama boldly claimed, is an outcome ordained by the complex, technology-driven, globe-straddling dynamism of modern commerce, together with the eternal longing of individual human beings for autonomy and recognition. In some quarters, *The End of History* earned Mr. Fukuyama a reputation as a profound social thinker.

Having thus disposed of political philosophy, Mr. Fukuyama turns now to economics. At history's end the main task for political economy, he argues, is the comparative study of established and emerging industrialized nations to discern which will dominate in the twenty-first century. He identifies an aspect of social relations that permits him

Trust: The Social Virtues and the Creation of Prosperity, by Francis Fukuyama (Free Press, 457 pp., \$25)

to distinguish the prospects of the various contenders. His special ingredient in the recipe for economic success is the suggestive but ultimately elusive notion of "trust."

Mr. Fukuyama hypothesizes that a country's economic modernization depends on its ability to create large-scale, domestically controlled, privately owned enterprises. Unless firms grow to a sufficient size, they cannot achieve the economies of scale and of scope essential to competitiveness on the world stage. But, he argues, private organiza-

tions must be managed, and the problem of management is in the end a matter of human relations. For this reason he concludes that economic growth within a country is substantially a matter of how people there are able to relate to one another.

This idea is simple and appealing. When the people with whom one deals can be trusted to keep their word, transactions need not be encumbered with elaborate legal protections. When suppliers can be relied upon to provide

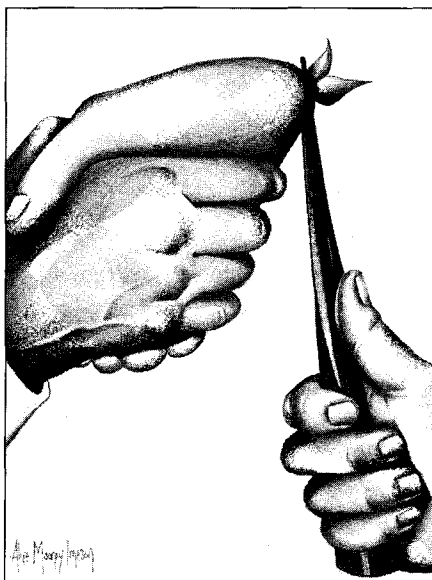
high-quality goods, a buyer does not have to expend resources monitoring each shipment to ensure that it meets his standards. If workers believe that a firm will stand by its employees of many years in an economic downturn, then they will develop a sense of loyalty to the enterprise, and labor relations will be harmonious. In general, trust reduces the friction of economic transactions, thus promoting efficiency and growth.

This sense of confidence that others will conform to certain ethical rules is a real source of national wealth, which Mr. Fukuyama calls "social capital." He thinks the most important function of social capital is to facilitate the creation of large-scale enterprises outside the purview of the state, and he builds his case by pointing to differences among countries in the timing and extent of development of such firms. Nations with a lot of social capital, he says, are the very ones that created modern corporate organizations early on, and that currently have industrial structures in which large firms figure prominently.

Mr. Fukuyama observes that many successful enterprises begin as sole proprietorships. However, with growth, the need eventually arises to acquire outside talent to manage the firm's operations and external investors to help finance its continued expansion. Specifying the entitlements and prerogatives among these various parties can be a formidable problem. Once outsiders become involved, formal legal arrangements are required, like those to be found in the modern corporation with its professional management overseen by a board of directors representing the interests of shareholders.

Low-trust societies may enjoy strong ties within families, but they suffer from a lack of what Mr. Fukuyama calls "spontaneous sociability" among unrelated persons. As a result, the transition from family-owned business to corporation occurs with great difficulty. By contrast, in high-trust societies the ease of cooperation among unrelated persons makes it feasible for successful family businesses to grow into corporate behemoths.

Though provocative, Mr. Fukuyama's discussion of these matters is less than compelling. He places far too much emphasis on firm size and industrial structure. These variables are subject to the myriad influences of technology, market demand, legal rules, and historical accident, the independent effects of which



Mr. Loury is University Professor and Professor of Economics at Boston University, and the author most recently of *One by One from the Inside Out: Essays and Reviews on Race and Responsibility in America*.

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Basil Venitis is the hottest trader of our times, a Wall Street high roller, a futures high hitter, and the keenest economist in New York. He was the first trader to apply Chaos Theory to financial markets. That's why he is considered by many traders as the first market chaologist and the father of Chaos Trading.

are virtually impossible to discern. He makes no serious attempt to isolate the influence of cultural factors on the organization of industry in various countries. Moreover, he fails to consider that the conventions of labor relations, employee training, investment banking, social-welfare provision, and industrial organization within a country evolve simultaneously, in mutually adaptive ways. The features of each system develop in response to the environment created by other systems operating in that same society. For this reason it is not meaningful to isolate one set of arrangements, say, the way that industrial investments are financed in Germany as compared to Great Britain, and then to conclude that the German financial system is "better" than the British one. In fact, the contexts in which these respective systems operate are completely different. But such "partial equilibrium" comparative evaluations occur throughout the book.

Nor is Mr. Fukuyama's analysis nearly as novel as he thinks. His subject has not escaped the attention of economists working in the dominant neoclassical tradition. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that the major impetus behind research in economics over the last quarter-century has been to create a theory to deal with phenomena like those discussed in this book.

Unfortunately, Mr. Fukuyama casts his argument in terms that stress his opposition to the intellectual paradigm of modern economics. He seems to think that a certain narrow conception of human nature, in which rational self-interest is the prime motivator of individual behavior, is essential to the enterprise of contemporary economics. Against this straw man he puts up his supposedly more common-sensical view that people also operate under the powerful sway of ethical habits and cultural constraints particular to the social milieu in which they are embedded. He allows as how rational choice accounts for 80 per cent of what goes on in the marketplace, but his cultural factors contribute a crucial, additional 20 per cent. He claims that this non-rational 20 per cent can explain the differences in economic performance among countries otherwise similarly endowed.

This mode of argument is the by-now-familiar refuge of a generalist who has not bothered to master the technical apparatus of a specialized field. By attacking its purportedly erroneous foun-

dational assumptions, he avoids the need to engage the details. In fact, modern economics does not rest on any single behavioral axiom. Though most economists do employ models based on rational choice, what distinguishes their work is the discipline that their formal behavioral models impose on their thinking, and the rigor given to their interpretations of data by precise methods of statistical inference. These methods have helped explain social behavior, which accounts for the dramatic influence modern economics has had on the other social sciences, about which Mr. Fukuyama foolishly complains.

In any event, Mr. Fukuyama is a generalist interested in the big picture. His march across the globe and over the centuries in search of evidence for his thesis is interesting and impressive. He groups apparently disparate societies on the basis of their having in common either a weak or a strong tradition of spontaneous sociability. With the high-trust societies—Germany, Japan, and the United States—he spends several chapters in each case drawing connections between their traditions of social affiliation and the development of their economic institutions. With the low-trust societies—China, France, Italy, and Korea—he presents historical and cultural reasons why social relations outside of the family have been attenuated. As a result, he argues, these countries have developed large economic enter-

prises only through government action. Such enterprises have been less flexible and more bureaucratic than comparable institutions in high-trust societies. While generalizations of this kind are of course difficult to establish beyond doubt, Mr. Fukuyama's discussion is insightful and often persuasive.

Of particular interest is his analysis of the changing nature of sociability in this country. He notes that governments can unravel the social fabric by pulling on any one of a number of loose threads; but pushing on those threads will not reweave the garment. He worries about our increasing reliance on litigation to resolve disputes, and the growing emphasis we now place on our rights as citizens, unleavened by attention to our duties.

He is especially provocative when discussing issues of cultural diversity within American society. In a chapter comparing entrepreneurship among African Americans and Asian Americans, he argues that it is the lack of social capital among the former, due to the debilitating effects of slavery, that accounts for their relatively low rate of business development.

Indeed, one of the strongest and most welcome themes in this book is its forthright rejection of cultural relativism. By treating culture as a variable in the production of economic success, Mr. Fukuyama makes it difficult to avoid the conclusion that different systems of acquired ethical habit are emphatically not equal. □



Finding the Man

GEORGE MACDONALD FRASER

THE author of this autobiography is something more than an actor, he is a presence. This was brought home to me more than twenty years ago when he loomed up at my elbow in the Hotel George V in Paris and said: "I'm Charlton Heston," to which, taken aback to find myself suddenly confronted by a living legend, I could only reply: "By God, so you are!" He must have recognized it as an instinctive compliment, for he gave me

a whisky and began to talk about Scottish history, which was another surprise. From his Christian name I had deduced (correctly) that he was a de-

In the Arena: An Autobiography, by Charlton Heston (Simon & Schuster, 592 pp., \$27.50)

scendant of Northumbrian brigands, but it emerged that he was also a Scot, and a Fraser at that, something of

which, as this book makes clear, he is immensely proud.

We were in Paris for the premiere of *The Three Musketeers*, which I had scripted and in which he played Cardinal Richelieu, a piece of casting which had worried me, since my notion of Richelieu was the George Arliss figure, sly and delicate and ferret-like, oozing Continental guile. The thought of his being played by a six-foot-three all-American with a formidably Anglo-Saxon figurhead had been alarming—until I saw the rough cut of the film, and marveled that the rugged giant had somehow vanished inside a sleek, sinister prelate with a dry priestly manner and an eye like a fish-hook, who bore no resemblance to Ben-Hur or Chinese Gordon, let alone Moses or Buffalo Bill. I should have known: they call it acting.

Watching him on public display in Paris, and on film sets later, it struck me that behind the assurance of the high-profile performer there was a characteristic rare in his profession: not shyness, exactly, but a thoughtful awareness best summed up in the Scots word “canny,” defined as knowing, wise, and careful. Also, still more remarkably, the last



thing on earth that he looked like was an actor—which may be one reason why he has been such a dominant figure in postwar cinema, playing a range of roles unequaled probably even by Olivier. Pass him on the street, and he might be a soldier, sailor, policeman, statesman, mystic, tyrant, laborer, prophet—which is, of course, the point. His gift is to be immediately acceptable as all these people, and many more.

How he has done it, without the advantage of the plastic features and instant mimicry of, say, a Sellers, is only partly explained in his autobiography. Sheer hard graft, obviously; a determination to take on any part, and the harder the better, including the big

Mr. Fraser is the author of the Flashman novels. His screenplays include the Musketeer films of Richard Lester and the James Bond Octopussy.

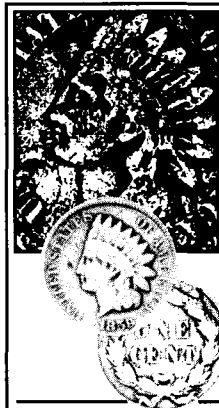
Shakespeare roles (it is surprising how much of his career has been spent on the stage); and an obsession with what Charles Laughton called “finding the man”—absorbing himself, by long research and reflection, into the character he is playing.

All actors, presumably, try to do this, but I doubt if many are as meticulous as Heston. I have a happy memory of being glowered and rumbled at by Henry VIII in full regalia, mottled cheeks, piggy eyes, “sore legge,” and all, as he challenged me on a point in another script: I had made Henry talk of being “five and thirty years” on the throne. Heston pointed out that it had, in fact, been thirty-seven years. I argued that five and thirty would sound better, and received a beetling Tudor look followed by a regal nod of assent, after which I retired to the hotel, thankful it wasn’t the Tower.

But if he cannot explain the actor’s craft—and what artist worth his salt can tell you *how* he writes or paints or composes?—he describes well the making of a superstar (a word he may detest, but there it is): boyhood in the Michigan woods, the early trauma of his parents’ divorce (which did not diminish his love of either), the marriage that has been his sheet-anchor, war service, the luck of early encouragement in his calling, experience with the best on stage and live television—and ultimately being noticed by DeMille, who “liked the way he waved.”

The rest is cinema history, which he recorded in a journal. As a result, his autobiography is orderly and detailed, and as good a description of the strange business of making films as I have read. He writes without mock modesty and with a kindly if candid eye for his co-workers, most of whom he treats with a generosity rare in film memoirs. Only once does he cut loose in outright condemnation (of a producer with whom I worked briefly, and I’m not arguing).

Of course what the public wants in an account of this kind, and what Heston gives, is the technique of chariot-driving, and how Joe Canutt was almost killed in the race; and what it was like to work with Ava Gardner or Gregory Peck, or be directed in a play by Olivier at a time when his marriage to Vivien Leigh was tottering; or what Gielgud said when asked to play Wolsey (“Oh, goodness, Chuck . . . One does remember Orson Welles . . . He was so *large*”); or Darryl Zanuck’s reaction to Michel-



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angelo's costume ("You look like Othello, for God's sake!"), or Edward G. Robinson's remarkable death scene in *Soylent Green*; or Gary Cooper confronting a derisive teenager in Berkeley Square with his famous line from *The Virginian*: "When you say that, smile"; or Heston's own thought, near the end of the *Ben-Hur* shoot, on hearing that Tyrone Power had died while filming: If I suddenly died, how could they hope to finish the film?

This is the kind of thing that film buffs dote on, and it is fascinating, though no more so than more personal insights. It was news to me that Heston had been asked to run for the U.S. Senate, and declined because he could not bear the thought of never acting again; and that he has undertaken so much public-service work. He is regarded as being to the right in politics, but recalling his support for civil rights in the early Sixties, I am reminded of Buddy Ebsen's verdict on Ronald Reagan: "He hasn't changed; the world has changed around him." Heston simply holds by values which were taken for granted fifty years ago, which means that today he is politically incorrect. Ah, well,

when we pass seventy we get used to being called fascist by people who don't know what the word means.

This is not without bearing, I think, on the remarkable stature Charlton Heston has attained as a film icon. Quite aside from his merits as a performer, he has projected an image, on screen and off, that is worthy. He has been married for more than fifty years to a wife whom he plainly adores; nothing in his life has been more important than his home and family; and if he has taken his share of critical barbs as an actor, there have been no reproaches of the man. It is no small thing to pass half a century of superstar exposure and come out with your dignity intact.

His career probably has some distance to go yet, but he will be remembered as what our mutual friend Dick Fleischer called him: a "big picture" man. And DeMille was right: he will never get a better notice than the judgment of an anonymous fan on *The Greatest Show on Earth*, in which the fledgling Heston played the circus manager. "I was amazed," wrote the fan, "at how well the circus manager did in there with the real actors." □

Those who swore *at* the previous book will doubtless be relieved to learn that its oversights have not been corrected, in particular the lack of adequate biographical information about contributors—understandable in the case of Wilde, I suppose, but otherwise a real problem for bright children whose interest in a writer has been piqued by his inclusion. Also on display once again is Mr. Bennett's occasional tendency to what might be called reductive naïveté. One may take leave to doubt, for example, that Mickey Mantle has any more place in *The Moral Compass* than, say, Elvis Presley, much less that he should be represented by a ghostwritten selection called "The Bravest Man," which Mr. Bennett introduces as follows: "Here's a hero's hero." Life may be simpler than liberals think, but it is a good deal more complicated than Mr. Bennett lets on, both here and elsewhere in *The Moral Compass*.

Having said this, I hasten to add that *The Moral Compass*, like *The Book of Virtues*, is crammed full of very good things. I like best the biographical stories, which range widely and imaginatively: Dr. Johnson, Beethoven, Jackie Robinson, Louis Braille, Father Damien, Sojourner Truth, St. Augustine. I also like the fact that Mr. Bennett is so completely unapologetic. *The Moral Compass* makes no bones about the greatness of great men or the centrality of religion; it glorifies marriage, military service, and dead white European males; it even contains a well-chosen excerpt from *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* in which the word "nigger" appears six times, a statistic that will surely be used against Mr. Bennett should he ever screw up enough courage to run for President.

It struck me, however, that a 39-year-old father of none might not be the ideal judge of a pair of books whose goal is the moral education of children. So I asked two of my best e-mail friends, both mothers and both conservative, what they thought of *The Book of Virtues*. The first, a mother of three who lives in a small town in Kansas, responded unhesitatingly: "We own *The Book of Virtues*, and so do all the families we bought it for as a Christmas present last year. It's good reading and reminding for people who wonder if it's normal to be normal. It isn't *usual* any more, but I'm convinced it *is* still normal."

True enough, as far as it goes. But I

The Vice of a Virtue

TERRY TEACHOUT

I RECEIVED in the mail a set of galleys of *The Moral Compass*, William Bennett's new anthology of moral stories, in mid August, at which point *The Book of Virtues*, Mr. Bennett's previous collection, had been on the *New York Times Book Review*'s best-seller list for 86 straight weeks. O. J. Simpson, Robert McNamara, Greg Louganis, Shirley MacLaine, and Robin Quivers had come and gone, but Bill Bennett, like the Energizer Bunny, was still going strong. This is in and of itself a moral story, captured in the name Mr. Bennett gave the beach house he bought with the royalties from *The Book of Virtues*: "The House That Virtue Built."

For those who swear by *The Book of Virtues*, the main point of this review can be summed up in a single sentence: *The Moral Compass* is to *The Book of Vir-*

tues as *Life with Mother* is to *Life with Father*. Only the order of battle has been changed. Where *The Book of Virtues* was organized around ten traits of character, *The Moral Compass* is divided into seven chapters representing the stages of life: "Home and Hearth," "Into the World,"

The Moral Compass: Stories for a Life's Journey, edited with commentary by William J. Bennett (Simon & Schuster, 608 pp., \$30)

"Standing Fast," "Easing the Path," "Mothers and Fathers, Husbands and Wives," "Citizenship and Leadership," and "What We Live By." But architecture notwithstanding, Mr. Bennett and John T. Cribb, his collaborator and co-editor de facto, have gone back to the well and pulled up a bucketful of the mixture as before, right down to the no-longer-surprises: Tocqueville, Theodore Roosevelt, Wilde ("The Happy Prince," not "The Picture of Dorian Gray").

Mr. Teachout writes about music for Commentary. His latest book is A Second Mencken Chrestomathy.

also heard from a mother of one who teaches Sunday school to a group of black and Hispanic children from a working-class section of Brooklyn, and her reply gave me pause: "I got *The Book of Virtues* in hopes of some good storytelling material for my class, but didn't find much that seemed right for their curious mix of savvy and ignorance. I once tried explaining to them the location of the Holy Land with a globe, and was getting nothing but blank stares from my sixth-grade New York City public-school students, and finally realized it was the concept of the globe itself that was lost on them."

That is a scary story, and it caused me to think long and hard about what

might be the biggest flaw in both *The Book of Virtues* and *The Moral Compass*: Could it be that Mr. Bennett is preaching to the choir? Of course choirboys need sermons, too—but I can't help wondering if Mr. Bennett's next venture into moral education ought to be a bit more challenging. A *Book of Virtues* for adolescents, say, one that deals frankly with tricky subjects such as sexual temptation. Or a *Moral Compass* for ghetto children, one that recognizes that those who don't know a globe when they see it are not quite ready for Wordsworth and de la Fontaine. No doubt about it: Bill Bennett's heart is definitely in the right place. Unfortunately, it may be somewhat later than he thinks. □

Scud Missives

FLORENCE KING

IF ANYONE needs a makeover it's Ayn Rand. After her death in 1982, her one-time protégés, Nathaniel and Barbara Branden, both published biographies portraying her as an abusive monster who held facts instead of opinions, drove her husband to drink, and held purge trials in her living room whenever one of her acolytes got philosophically out of line.

The centerpiece of both books is Miss Rand's affair with Nathaniel, begun

Letters of Ayn Rand, edited by Michael S. Berliner, with an introduction by Leonard Peikoff (Dutton, 681 pp., \$34.95)

when she was 50 and he 24, and continuing until they were 63 and 37. The story goes that she gathered the Brandens together with her husband, Frank O'Connor, announced that she and Nathaniel wanted to have an affair, and then opened the floor to discussion, which she dominated, analyzing the proposed adultery to prove that it was rational according to the principles of Objectivism, her home-cooked contribution to Western thought.

When the inevitable explosion came, Miss Rand publicly repudiated and denounced the Brandens, who soon divorced. Her think tank, largely their

Miss King is the author of The Florence King Reader and other books.

work, fell apart, as did many of her emotionally dependent acolytes, some of whom discussed whether it was rational to assassinate Nathaniel.

No hint of any of this appears in *Letters of Ayn Rand*, a labor of love by Leonard Peikoff, her leading loyalist (and sole heir under her will, according to Barbara Branden), and Michael S. Berliner, executive director of the Ayn Rand Institute, newly restored to promote Objectivism. They give us a new, improved Ayn Rand.

A 1936 letter to her husband opens "Cubby Sweet!" with a drawing of a lion cub, and closes with "Good night, Tweet! xxxxxxx Your Fluff."

She is risqué when she sends Mickey Spillane her address, 36 East 36th Street: "A good way to remember it is to think of a perfect 36."

A dinner guest received a note that sounds like Mrs. Clinton in campaign mode: "Here are the recipes for the Beef Stroganoff and the salad dressing."

To Barbara Branden's mother, who praised her work, a gracious AR replied: "I must tell you in return that I am very much impressed with your work—namely, Barbara."

She was admirably conscientious about answering her fan mail, and one reply is touching: "I was glad to hear that you consider me a desirable relative, but I am sorry to disappoint you, because Rand is only my pen name; so we are not related. We can still be

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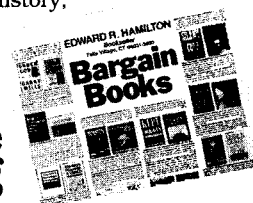
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friends, however, and I am glad that you liked *Love Letters* [AR's 1945 screenplay]."

She hit it off with Barbara Stanwyck, who wanted to play Dominique in *The Fountainhead* and left Warner Brothers when they refused to give her the part. AR's letters prove it was Miss Stanwyck who first brought the book to the studio's attention—not Gary Cooper's wife, as some sources have claimed. Cooper, who played Roark in the 1949 movie, was AR's ideal man, but by 1962 she preferred Robert Stack. She wrote Stack that he was "the only one" she wanted for Roark in a TV miniseries of the novel then being discussed.

When her mask slips, we see the old Ayn Rand in full throttle. To a fan who argued for humanitarianism, she wrote pithily, "Please notice that the humanitarians are among the loudest advocates of dictatorship." But pith isn't enough. The letter begins to pulsate. As her fury mounts she capitalizes CONTEMPT, italicizes trigger words, and clinches the argument with her favorite scene from *The Fountainhead*: "Didn't you understand that it was a *housing project* which he blew up to hell, where it belonged?"

Professor John Hospers demanded a disclaimer before he would hand over her letters. It says in part: "I am afraid the reader who reads what Ayn wrote to me, and not what I wrote to her, would gather I was a bloody fool."

He has a point. In one letter she wrote: "Please reread your note and see whether it can be intelligible without the implicit definition which you now repudiate." Then: "I will refer you to Roark's speech, specifically to: page 737, paragraph 2—page 738, paragraphs 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9—page 740, paragraphs 2, 3, 6—page 741, paragraphs 1, 2, 3."

Writing to Barry Goldwater about his book, *The Conscience of a Conservative*, she upbraids him for saying that conservatism rests on faith instead of on reason. Magnanimously, she absolves Goldwater and blames his ghostwriter for stressing the importance of religion; then, some italics later, she launches a salvo at the magazine she loved to hate.

This leads me to the subject of the NATIONAL REVIEW. I am profoundly opposed to it—not because it is a religious magazine, but because it *pretends that it is not*. . . . But the fact that the NATIONAL REVIEW poses as a secular political magazine, while following a strictly religious "party line," can have but one purpose: to slip religious

goals by stealth on those who would not accept them openly, to "bore from within," to tie Conservatism to religion, and thus to take over the American Conservatives.

She castigates NR for running a review of *Atlas Shrugged* by Whittaker Chambers, "this former Communist spy," and two defamatory articles about her, one of which "*denounced me for advocating capitalism*." Along the same line, she refused a fan permission to name a chapter of YAF after her: "I am opposed to the organization known as Young Americans for Freedom. That organization is controlled by, or shares the policies of, the NATIONAL REVIEW magazine and is my avowed enemy."

The 1980 election infuriated her. To a television producer who wanted her to appear in a series called *Cultural Conservatism* she wrote: "This year in particular, I would be ashamed to be connected with the so-called Conservatives in any way. Their anti-abortion stand is outrageous—and so is their mixture of politics with religion."

In view of all this, one quakes for the fan who asked her to decorate an Easter egg for his collection, but she's gentle

with him—and uncharacteristically arch: "Unfortunately, my schedule is such that this is the first chance I had to answer you, let alone to permit myself the luxury of attempting to paint. Since you needed the egg by March 15, shall I send it back to you undecorated?"

Her most notorious trait emerges in a letter to Archibald Ogden, editor of *The Fountainhead*, who was to supply an introduction to the 25th-anniversary edition. In his draft he made the mistake of relating the funny things that happened during the editing of the book, and was promptly hit by a Scud missive: "You are entitled to your own views about humor. But you know mine, and you chose to ignore them—and there is no meeting ground." She cast him out and wrote the introduction herself.

This book reeks of the sycophancy that Miss Rand always inspired, from its terse little editor's notes to Leonard Peikoff's grim promise that "an authorized biography of Ayn Rand will appear in due course." Considering that her birthday is given incorrectly here, it would appear that Peikoff and Berliner aren't even very good sycophants. □



CULTURAL-ELITE WATCH

First Class or Coach?

JAMES BOWMAN

MUCH of Newt Gingrich's *To Renew America* will be pretty familiar to those who have watched his televised lectures from Reinhardt College and followed the progress of the Contract with America. After a condensation of the former and a quick résumé of the latter, the familiar Gingrichian themes are applied to a series of issues, such as education, immigration, health care, defense, the environment, and tax reform.

This mixture of conservatism and visionary radicalism may not be to every American's taste, but it is something that every American with an interest in

his country's future ought to get to know. The book's success is evidence of how many readers recognize this simple truth, but it is remarkable how few of its reviewers do. A rapid survey of Mr. Gingrich's critics reveals a wide measure of agreement that his blasts against the bogeymen of "the media elite" or "cultural elites" are directed at a deplorably vague, if not non-existent, target. Yet they themselves present a remarkably consistent profile of, precisely, a media elite. How clever it was of Mr. Gingrich to have left the term so vague and undefined that the chorus of disapproval his book has elicited in the media could itself be left to define it.

The elite, we find, divides roughly into two, which we may characterize as

Mr. Bowman is American Editor of the Times Literary Supplement.

the highbrow and the middlebrow elites, or first-class and coach sections. Back in coach, the commonest complaints are that *To Renew America* is "simplistic"—especially in its devotion to a nostalgic and unrealistic vision of the American past or a fantastical vision of the American future—and that it is overfamiliar, full of stale platitudes.

"Gingrich is a master at reducing highly complex material to sound-bite simplicity," writes Patricia Holt in the *San Francisco Chronicle*; for her the book is "a slick, childishly simple Gingrich package." To Chris Goodrich of the *Los Angeles Times*, Gingrich's big mistake is "believing it's possible to turn back the clock to the 1950s lifestyle portrayed by Norman Rockwell and *Reader's Digest* . . . and update it with modern technology."

Likewise, Michiko Kakutani in the *New York Times* sniffs at the "easy-to-follow recipes for analyzing our problems and trying to cure them" in "this glib, superficial volume," while Alan D. Williams in the *Minneapolis Star-Tribune* notes "something profoundly disturbing about this insidiously simplistic volume." We get the message. These middlebrow aspirants to "the media elite" want to convince us of how much smarter they are than Gingrich, and how you're not going to catch them reducing, in the words of Miss Kakutani, "enormously complex problems to a kind of highlight reel shot in stark blacks and whites."

But up in first class, the passengers—those whom the habit of plush seats and complimentary drinks has made more confident of their place in the intellectual pecking order—seem to take an opposite view. Far from calling *To Renew America* simplistic, they find it so dense and difficult as to be almost incomprehensible. In *Harper's*, Lewis Lapham strikes the keynote for the highbrows:

It looked like a book, and the words were in English, but on or about page 12 I understood that it was meant to be received either as a sacred totem or as some sort of ingenious electronic device. . . . I performed the same set of experiments that I routinely bring to the instructions accompanying large or complicated Japanese toys:

1. Read the sentences from right to left.
2. Read upward from the bottom of the page.

3. Place the first four pages under infrared light.

4. Place the last four pages in warm water.

Nothing worked.

What a wag! But soon his professed inability to understand Gingrich gives way to his dislike for all the things in this degenerate modern world—and what a lot of them there are!—that he does not understand. From the Olympian perch of the elite intellectual he opines, for example, that "doctors of advanced medicine send their patients to the MRI and CAT-scan units in much the same way that Aztec priests brought maiden girls to the deadly altars of Tenochtitlán."

Lapham's difficulty in understanding Gingrich is as nothing to our difficulty in understanding what it has to do with his feeling himself stretched out on the rack of this tough world by a bunch of philistine techies unconscious of their resemblance to Aztec priests. At least Joan Didion, in *The New York Review of Books*, makes a serious attempt to come to grips with the Speaker's ideas—though, lost in his bewildering maze of pillars and keys, the five steps within the six challenges leading to the seven key aspects and so on, she admits to being "fretful, uneasy, uncertain just whose synapses are misfiring."

"No piety," she rightly says, "can long escape inclusion in one or another of Mr. Gingrich's five or four or eleven steps," but in the end he defeats her. At times her bewilderment is almost painful to contemplate, as when she attempts to read the significance of one of the most-quoted Newtisms:

"At heart," he dismayingly confides, "I am still a happy four-year-old who gets up every morning hoping to find a cookie that friends or relatives may have left for me somewhere." This cookie is worrisome. Was it forgotten? Hidden? Why would they hide it? Where are they? Are they asleep, out, absentee friends, deadbeat relatives? The cookie was the treat and leaving is the trick?

Intellectuals remain intellectuals, and are soberingly unhelpful when it comes to explaining the thought processes of practicing politicians. Only an intellectual could be quite so blinkered as to say that the salient quality in the mind of the most successful Speaker of the



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House in a generation is the "scent of failure."

What else is the first-class, highbrow member of the cultural elites to think? Michael Lind, writing in the *New York Times Book Review*, takes a different approach. He reserves most of his venom for *The Freedom Revolution* by Dick Armey, which is reviewed together with *To Renew America*, and treats Mr. Gingrich with mere superciliousness. There is certainly no shortage of those pieties Miss Didion finds so dismaying, by the selective quotation of which Lind shows how disengaged he feels entitled to remain from the views of someone he considers to be so far his intellectual inferior. Rather than reviewing the book, he reviews its author's intellectual breeding and taste, and finds them not up to his own exacting standards.

Some among the certifiable highbrows of the cultural elites, however, cannot resist the temptation to bag their limit—rather tackily, I think—in the Gingrichian barrel by focusing on what Kevin Phillips in the *Washington Post* calls "technobabble" and Michael Kinsley in *The New Republic* calls "country-club sallies." That kind of treatment is somewhere between the aesthetic criticism of Lewis Lapham and Michael Lind and the many tiny triumphs of the intellectually up-and-coming in daily newspapers across the land. Kinsley, in particular, really can't help himself from setting up his target as "The Thinker" and then knocking him down again and again for failing to live up to M. Kinsley's exalted idea of what a "Thinker" should think.

This is for a time amusing in the way that watching a puppy shake the stuffing out of a rag doll is amusing. It has to be admitted that Gingrich has supplied a lot of stuffing for him to sink his teeth into. But in the end the attack-puppy style rather misses the point. There is some justice in Kinsley's characterization of the book as "the gung-ho philosopher-salesman's all-purpose American guide to success in life, combining the promise of riches, personal salvation, and an understanding of the dynamics of history through a series of ten keys-to-this and seven points-to-remember-about-that." But if Gingrich is the philosopher-salesman, he is enough the philosopher (as Kinsley is not, apparently) to know what you have to do to be a successful salesman of ideas in late-twentieth-century America.

The proper model for comparison is

not the idealized Kinsleyan "Thinker" but an old-fashioned political orator. Though put together out of a college course, *To Renew America* is really much more like a book of speeches, designed to persuade not philosophers but ordinary people of the worth of Mr. Gingrich's political program. What Kinsley does not realize—namely that this is a practicing politician's manifesto, or an evangelist's sermon (in America it is often hard to tell the two apart), and not a work of political philosophy—is something that, among Gingrich's reviewers, perhaps only Margaret Thatcher, in the *Wall Street Journal*, was really equipped to appreciate.

"Mr. Gingrich's book," she wrote, "like the man, is bursting with ideas. Reading it is like a breath of fresh air

after the stale half-truths and platitudes that so often constitute political debate in our late-twentieth-century democracies." What she really means is that the Gingrich truths are at least three-quarter truths and still not past their sell-by date, and that the platitudes are in this case platitudes with which she happens to agree. But that is just politician-talk. It's easy to make fun of for a sharp guy like Michael Kinsley, of course, but you've got to wonder why he'd want to bother. For one thing it involves him in the hollow pretense that he does not know that it is politician-talk. For another it shows him up as a member of those "cultural elites" whose reflexive criticism of him helps Newt Gingrich to make his point about the obstacles to the renewing of America. □

FILM

Political Cinema

JOHN SIMON

THERE is a moment in Margarethe von Trotta's *The Promise* (*Das Versprechen*) that alone is worth the price of admission. I'll tell you about it in a moment.

The Promise is the story of Konrad and Sophie, young lovers separated by the Berlin Wall. It spans the highlights and low points of 28 years in their lives, and conveys a lot more besides through the subsidiary characters who animate the background, as troubling and affecting as those in the foreground. The screenplay is by Peter Schneider, the respected novelist whose *The Wall Jumper* is a classic of Wall literature. It has its lapses—mostly the all-too-easy dismissal of interesting figures. But there is also much of consequence as individuals aim their flashlight's-worth of courage at the all-engulfing darkness.

In 1961, Sophie, Konrad, and four other youths are making their carefully planned nocturnal escape from East to West Berlin through the sewers. The last one about to go through a manhole, Konrad, hesitates. His shoelace has become untied, as it often does; worse: his resolve has loosened, and the police van on night patrol is coming. He lets him-

self be caught and, eventually, continues his promising work in an astrophysical laboratory. Yearning letters cross the Wall as Sophie finds shelter and employment with a fashion-designer aunt.

Some years later, Konrad accompanies his superiors to a Prague science congress, and arranges for Sophie to join him there. The outdoor statue at which they are to meet exists in duplicate, and the way the lovers almost fail to connect is suspenseful and, finally, exhilarating. They consummate their interrupted affair and Sophie gets pregnant. Yet their plans to become united are foiled again, in part through events in the Czech capital. For it is 1968, and Russian tanks flatten the Prague Spring. Separated again, Sophie decides that they must start independent lives.

It is 1980, and Konrad, now head of his laboratory, is to present an important paper in West Berlin. He is married, with a small daughter. Sophie lives with a French journalist, Gérard, and Alexander, her 12-year-old son by Konrad. The meeting of these good, bewildered people is both moving and anticlimactic, like so many big moments in life. Nothing changes, except that the East German authorities, for sinister reasons I can't go into, allow Alexander

Mr. Simon is NR's film critic.

to make visits to his father, and here is another unforgettable little scene.

Konrad's wife complains bitterly that their daughter may become disturbed by Alexander's comings. Thus the boy has promised to take the girl to the West Berlin zoo, to show her the pandas, a toy version of which he brought her as a present. But the girl can't get a travel permit. So he'll take her to the local zoo, says Konrad. Yes, but this one has no pandas. So what, it's just another kind of bear. And the next shot, at night, shows Konrad painstakingly painting the toy panda all black.

I skip the stuff about Konrad's fearless sister, an anti-Communist preacher whose husband wants to defect to the West, just as I skipped the conflict of ideologies in the laboratory, and the business with Konrad's father and the police. Now it is night again, in 1989, and there is an uproar in the streets of East Berlin. Awakened, Konrad staggers to the balcony, and from one of the many other balconies, all abuzz, a neighbor calls out, "The Wall is down!" At which—and, for me, this is *the* moment—Konrad dazedly asks, "*Welche Mauer?*" Which wall? People who have lived with a life-destroying terror for decades cannot imagine that it is over when it finally is. Perhaps they are like the woman being interviewed at a spot where the Wall used to be, while others mingle in jubilant ecstasy. "For me," she says, her face furrowed by history, "it is too late."

Is it too late for Sophie and Konrad as well? The ending is ambiguous. What is unambiguous is the skill in the writing, directing, and acting. The actors playing the young Konrad and Sophie blend seamlessly into those playing their older selves. From a fine cast, I single out Corinna Harfouch as the older Sophie. An actress from Brecht's Berliner Ensemble, she combines understated beauty with strongly projected intelligence. Fittingly, the film ends with a closeup of her noble, careworn face, as lived-in as any I have ever seen.

■ Another quasi-political film—it becomes so much of a personal thriller that it loses sight of the broader issues—is John Boorman's *Beyond Rangoon*. Boorman—part Dutch, part British—has made relatively few movies over the years, but all strikingly differ-

ent: some noteworthy (*Point Blank*, *Deliverance*, *Hope and Glory*), some competent, and one or two abysmal. But he is never boring: even his mistakes tend to have minds of their own.

Beyond Rangoon was written some years ago, and though circumstances in Burma—now Myanmar—have changed little, the script, by Bill Rubenstein and Alex Lasker, may have suffered a bit from adjustments. More to the point, these screenwriters never quite hoist themselves into writers. Still, dialogue can scrape by where plot and setting do so much of the work. Laura Bowman (Patricia Arquette) is a young American doctor who one day discovered her husband and little boy brutally murdered. (No adequate explanation for this.) Her sister and fellow doctor, Andy (Frances McDormand, and fine), has dragged her along on a guided tour of Southeast Asia to prod her out of the deathly lethargy she has sunk into.

The tour group hits Rangoon, and we see opulently exotic sights which the globe-trotting Boorman and his able cinematographer, John Seale, know how to show off to best advantage. A young traveler falls off a giant Buddha and injures himself; Laura, recalling her tragedy in flashback, is unable to minister to him. The stage is set for the kind of redemption through hardship that runs through Boorman's otherwise disparate films. Sleepless on her last night in town, Laura wanders through the streets of Rangoon and stumbles upon a great historic event: the lovely Aung San Suu Kyi leading her pro-democracy-party supporters against the primed guns of the soldiery as she smilingly marches past them. Like others in the crowd, Laura is deeply moved, and something in her stirs. Unfortunately, her passport is stolen.

Getting a new one from the embassy takes time; she must stay on, to rejoin the tour in Bangkok. Alone in Rangoon, she is picked up by the gentle U Aung Ko (played by an amateur actor of the same name), a professor dismissed for his liberal views, now driving tourists about in his old Chevy. She agrees to be taken to parts closed to tourists, and encounters, along with sublime scenery, very unpretty sights.

Aung educates Laura politically even as he sneaks her past various check-

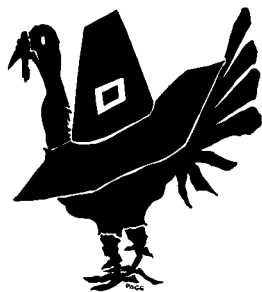
points. The countryside swarms with men in uniform, whose curt commands, gruff manners, and inquisitorial gaze augur ill for the excursion. After near-disaster strikes at the house of some students devoted to their former professor, Aung and Laura travel by boat and on foot through scenes whose excitement never abates. Most of it rings true, except for one episode in an abandoned village, where Laura forages for medicine for Aung, who has been shot in the arm. This proves a shot in the arm for Laura, too: her doctoring comes back to her, along with her will to cope and live.

The horror is wisely kept at a distance. Human beings are shot like dogs, but in long shot and short sequences; our emotions are aroused, but not played with or preyed upon. Even when nurses rushing to help the wounded in a student demonstration are mowed down by the military, we are not allowed to wallow in self-congratulatory compassion or admire the cinematic technique. This way of dealing with shocking scenes is remarkably seldom understood by writers and directors.

The film changes character: now it is no longer Laura and Aung alone, but a whole group of refugees burrowing through a jungle and trying to make it across a river into Thailand. At this point it becomes very hard to avoid clichés, but Boorman does a creditable job of not milking them overmuch. The now fully humanized Laura and much-battered U Aung Ko deserve a bit of epic treatment, and after all that judicious understatement, the audience too has earned some fortissimo.

Patricia Arquette's blandly teenagerish face does register emotions when pressed, but does less well when trying to suggest thought. One wonders how she got through medical school, or how she manages to take command in such a desperate situation. But U Aung Ko epitomizes the quiet dignity of the Orient and the spirit of passive but unyielding resistance.

Spalding Gray, as the American tour guide, conveys nothing so much as a debauched finishing-school teacher about to bring shame on his New England family. Adele Lutz, the actress and costume designer, lacks the spiritual radiance of the real-life Aung San Suu Kyi, and Boorman commits his one strategic error by ending with a still showing the real woman, and thus retroactively wiping out her onscreen double. □



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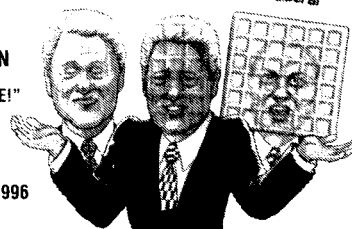
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PONNURU

(Continued from page 22)

in more political activism. Donahue has launched an advertising campaign against the Republicans' alleged "all-out attack on America's working families" and is pouring money into the districts of vulnerable Republican congressmen like freshman Randy Tate (Wash.). And Donahue has been Sweeney's friend and ally for years; the two got their start in the same New York SEIU local. The anti-Kirkland insurgents approached Donahue first, after all.

Since the candidates are offering similar platforms, the election will probably have less effect in moving the labor movement leftward than another event: the likely merger of the National Education Association and the American Federation of Teachers. The merger would bring the NEA, the largest union in the country into the AFL-CIO. The NEA is unequivocally leftist on everything from educational standards to abortion to the Nicaraguan Contras.

Leo Troy, an economics professor at Rutgers University, argues that the labor movement's character has been affected by the increasing role of public-sector unions within it. While unions and management in the private sector often have conflicting interests, in the public sector they both have an interest in higher taxes and spending; and there is no competition to restrain their joint rapacity. Public-sector unionists also tend

to have more liberal outlooks, particularly on social issues. In this context it's worth noting that SEIU members work predominantly in the public sector.

Public-sector unions loom so large in the labor movement today mainly because private-sector unionism has declined dramatically—to less than one-third of its strength at its peak in 1953, when 36 per cent of private-sector workers belonged to a union. Conservative activist Grover Norquist observes that movements often grow more radical as they shrink. Waning press attention partly accounts for that phenomenon. Because of the movement's decline, the press has not been following the AFL-CIO election as closely as it did past intra-labor battles.

Whatever their politics, labor leaders will be lucky to arrest the decline of their movement. Hiring new organizers probably will not fix the problem. One of Sweeney's selling points is that the SEIU has almost doubled in size on his watch—but as Troy points out, most of that growth was due to the SEIU's swallowing up existing public-employee associations. His record does not indicate that spending money on private-sector organizing will necessarily pay off. And while organizing in the public sector helps the movement financially, it will not yield the political victories that labor would need to pass its wish list of "labor-law reforms," because most government employees are already in the liberal coalition. Building a transnational labor movement, an idea much favored by left-wing journalists, is a pipe-dream. "It's hard enough for these guys to agree among themselves," says Rick Berman, head of the Employment Policies Institute. The most that unions can push for on this front is more labor side-agreements to trade agreements, as in NAFTA.

Political activism holds out no more hope for the unions than organizing does. They can oppose efforts to downsize government at both the state and federal levels, and they can try to co-opt Republican congressmen from districts with a lot of labor voters, as they recently did on some Amtrak votes (see Byron York's article in the latest *American Spectator*). But a Republican President could hand the unions a big defeat on the right to work, making it much harder for them to collect forced dues from workers. Like so much else, the future of organized labor depends on next year's elections. □

TRANS-O-GRAM / Siegfried R. Reiner

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- A. Belgium's chief port 155 15 61 94 63 24 146
- B. Like leaves at dawn (hyphenated) 105 101 10 153 117 137 161 151 192
- C. Imprecation 198 73 95 115 162 163 100 27
- D. Help to reconcile (2 words) 51 93 130 116 6 106 52 16 30 7 119
23 42 118
- E. Personnel 197 47 45 79 142
- F. He suffers from "putty-tat paranoia" 139 58 13 49 70 17
- G. 50-50 (2 words) 5 75 68 78 48 132 33 87
- H. Avoid, as unworthy 11 76 26 92 77 41
- I. Peril of back-country skiers 206 31 14 150 50 57 81 144 147
- J. Lessing honored him in *Nathan the Wise* 12 83 123 8 80 113 175 121 148 62 182
- K. He haplessly lost all England to the Danes 196 207 19 65 203 166 181 84
- L. Made good again 138 104 97 18 169 186 179 44 39
- M. Electrically charged atom, radical, or molecule 190 9 46

- N. Cerebral perambulation 103 209 205 128 3 152 143 159 67 160
- O. Coveting glory 120 127 85 122 183 195 185 193 174
- P. Cicero's consolation? (3 words, affirming deathlessness of genius) 102 112 129 98 22 210 36 140 180 88 191
25 56 89
- Q. Literally, the stiffness of death (2 words) 29 71 157 141 53 43 37 109 124 54 211
- R. Olefiant gas, C₂H₄ 136 82 135 158 38 126
- S. Society or club (German) 66 189 165 167 208 28
- T. Made too warm 172 111 145 96 188 86 21 194 176 134
- U. Roman philosopher and poet 96?-55 B.C. 168 173 55 60 108 35 204 69 184
- V. Doom of the *Lusitania* and others 34 202 72 40 91
- W. Opposable digits 187 125 2 99 1 131
- X. Belong, as an essential part 171 156 107 110 64 90
- Y. Aperture permitting eavesdropping (2 words) 201 149 20 133 4 164 177 200 32 74
- Z. Nothing 199 59 114 170 154 178

Solution to last issue's Trans-O-Gram. GEORGE WASHINGTON: Farewell Address: "Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens."

China Is Huffing And Puffing

NEW YORK, AUGUST 29

We must suppose that the generals crowd around the power center in Peking with enticing war scenarios, as they dream of a military adventure against Taiwan. The Red Chinese, as one used to call them, have not fought a war since they took on Vietnam, a venture that ended in stalemate. That was twenty-odd years ago, and twenty-odd years before that, the Chinese army marched against the United States and South Korea, winning an ambiguous victory. That's a long time between wars, and the hunger for military action is sharp in the hearts of the Old Guard. They are men who stood by Mao Tse-tung during a period when he did more than any other man to damage China. And now the military sees the abandonment of Maoist ideals and, still more humiliating, an exactly corresponding rise in economic productivity. For that reason, among others, they clamor for the annexation of Taiwan.

The pressure is exerted through the central figure in China, Deng Xiaoping, but biological decomposition is far along, and Deng must lean heavily on Li Peng and others. And the whole team would appear to speak with one voice on the matter of Taiwan. It isn't that they plan tomorrow to invade, but they desire that the diplomatic community should acknowledge, so to speak, that that is their right; they are dealing, after all, with a rogue province.

The temperature heated almost to explosive levels when the President of Taiwan, Mr. Lee Teng-hui, went to Ithaca for a Cornell reunion. The eyes of the world were on the event because only one year earlier, President Lee had been denied the right to stop over in Hawaii to refuel his airplane. The outcry was so sharp on the Western side that President Clinton lifted the ban in order to permit the Cornell visit.

How to handle China is a difficult question, but one shouldn't begin by picking a fight with Japan. Mr. Clinton pressed China in the cause of human rights while accomplishing nothing to further human rights, punctuating his Asia policy with threats to forbid the sale of Japanese Lexises. Peking withdrew its ambassador from Washington and imprisoned Harry Wu. The ambassador is coming back and

Harry Wu has been released, but the pressure to bring this about had little to do with inventive U.S. diplomacy. It had to do with the congress of women in Peking, which China did not want to lose. After that, they covet the Olympics for 2004.

But Taiwan does not sleep over it all. For one thing, Mr. Lee is going to run for a second term as president in March 1996. This will be the first election in which all Taiwanese participate. A free election in China is itself a unique event, but the Taiwanese venture especially galls Peking, on the quite logical grounds that Taiwan is acting like an independent country. Which indeed it is doing, which indeed it is. The historical haze that sits over the Taiwan Straits, as if Taiwan in an accidental moment of recent geological history had become detached from the mainland to float 170 miles out to sea, has become a miasma. Although there is fear among many Taiwanese of a mainland invasion, early indications are that Mr. Lee will be re-elected. He hasn't come out for the independence of Taiwan, but he has in recent months stressed that Taiwan is not receiving the kind of attention owing to an entity which has the most favorable balance of trade in the world and ranks tenth in economic power.

And then Taiwan is not a military push-over. It has weapons, including American F-5s. Almost as a matter of definition, an island of 21 million people would fall, in any prolonged engagement, to an army recruited from one billion people. But as

one Taiwanese recently remarked in private conversation, if it looked as if military conquest were actually being scheduled, Taiwan could pull the diplomatic card from its sleeve: Declare itself an independent country, conduct a plebiscite that would confirm this status, and then ask for recognition. This would not diminish the mainland's proprietary rhetoric, but all the axes of diplomacy would necessarily rotate in the direction of recognizing an independent state.

Always there is the possibility of a new regime in Peking after the death of Deng. But the prospect of one that is latitudinarian on the Taiwan question is beyond today's horizon. □

Se Habla Ingles

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 5

It was wise of Senator Dole to come down on English as the national language when he was firing away over the weekend at anti-U.S. academics. The movement to make English the official language of the United States is making legislative headway. The State of New Hampshire has just now enacted an English-language bill, and what appeals to New Hampshire, beyond apples, tends to appeal to presidential candidates.

The principal lobbying group in favor of universalizing English (it is called "U.S. English") is ironically headed up by someone whose native language wasn't English (he is Mauro E. Mujica). And of course the heftiest warrior for English was the late senator and semanticist S. I. Hayakawa, whose native language was Japanese. Senator Hayakawa wanted nothing less than a constitutional amendment. U.S. English will settle for less; others want more.

There is of course the other side. Why does the United States have to have a common language? After all, Switzerland doesn't.

The first thing to learn about Switzerland is never to invoke what happens there in an effort to prove any point about any other country. Switzerland breaks all the rules, gets away with it; is a wonderful country with, unhappily, a bad drug problem.

There are very good historical reasons why the French should have been permitted to nourish their language in Canada and, more recently, to insist on the recognition of French as a substitute language in everything from ballot forms to road signs. But every now and again Canada threatens to become two nations, and so



"OK. We'll get these down first, and work out the details later."

reminds us of the burden the British would have been spared if, two hundred years ago, they had, after defeating the French, exported them back to France, or else sent them south to the United States, where immigrants were taught English.

Opponents of the universalization of English use two arguments. The first is multiculturalist in ideology, the second, a *faux* cosmopolitanism. There is every reason in the world for the schools in the United States to teach foreign languages, beginning with Spanish, which is progressively important in commerce and hemispheric comity. But hanging onto one's Spanish if that is the native language is entirely different from depending on it.

It makes sense in addressing the issue to close our eyes to what happens with the first generation. Yes, many immigrants—perhaps millions—who arrived here in middle age went on to become conversant with English. But millions did not, and will not, and it is an expression of geniality to give them radio and television and newspapers in Spanish.

But their children need to be treated differently. I have experienced a 15-year-old boy who speaks English with difficulty even though he has lived in New York City with his mother for five years. It turns out that in public school, before he moved to a parochial school where he now studies, young Saul was taught six classes every day, five of them in Spanish.

The quarrel is between two camps, one of them, so to speak, total immersion in its approach, the second a little looser. There are those who believe that English can only be rapidly mastered if every foreigner is required to use it when engaged in any transaction over which that person is superintended. Thus, for instance, employees at McDonald's would be required to talk to each other in English while on-premise. One way to generalize this approach is that everywhere you're not permitted to smoke, you are permitted to speak only in English.

The approach of U.S. English is less draconian, so also is the House bill introduced by Representative Bill Emerson. It would enforce the use only of English in all government communications, forms, ballots, whatever. Mr. Emerson's bill has 180 sponsors, and in a previous version had also as sponsor Newt Gingrich, who endorses enthusiastically the notion of a national language, nationally accepted as such.

It is really quite cruel to go in the other direction. A few years ago a middle-aged woman told me that when her parents were sent to Moscow they plunked her down in a Russian school. "I cried every day for about a month and in about six

weeks I understood everything that was said in Russian." To stand in the way of young people devoting themselves to the English language is on the order of encouraging obesity by cramming them with Mars bars. It is surely the case that every immigrant who can now handle English is grateful for the experience even if it meant crawling through gnarled, spiky, thorny brushwood for a few months or years. □

The Passions Of the Greenpeacers

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 8

Commentator/philosopher Herbert Agar had a term for it—"the anarchic passion to smash." He was writing fifty years ago about whatever it is that causes some people, especially when young, to give vent to the impulse to wreck—if necessary, the nearest thing in sight. The politicization of that impulse had a lot of help during this century from ideology, which seemed to give it some purpose. The young Bolsheviks destroying everything they could lay their hands on in St. Petersburg. The young fascists on a spree in Milan. The Nazis, who could objectify that passion to smash in search of anything Jewish.

We have it now, that anarchic passion, and the animating instrument is nuclear—well, nuclear anything. Most recently the decision by the French to conduct some nuclear tests in the South Pacific. But anything that has the word "nuclear" attached to it helps to bring on that same spirit. Not long ago Jane Fonda was entralling the younger generation by her movie *The China Syndrome*, the hero of which was a nuclear meltdown that threatened, oh, the end of the world, or something very close to that. The Greenpeace movement is based on an undifferentiated hostility to everything nuclear, and it is having a wonderful time these days in Tahiti.

The French are a highly utilitarian people, in ways commendable and not so commendable. They acknowledge *force majeure*, as when Hitler quickly and decisively proved that his army was better than their army: so they quickly surrendered, and got along with the occupiers without too much of a fuss, leaving it to the exiled Charles de Gaulle to help to mobilize Great Britain and the United States to effect French liberation.

When nuclear power was shown to be a reasonable means of providing energy, the French, without much fuss, simply went nuclear, so much so that nearly 80 per cent of French electricity is nowadays generated by nuclear plants. In the Sixties,

President de Gaulle decided that it was not prudent to depend on American nuclear missiles to serve as a dispositive deterrent to Soviet expansionism, so he developed what he called a *force de frappe*, something small enough to be manageable but deadly enough to discourage overt Soviet military aggression. President Chirac, thirty years later, was persuaded that one more set of tests was necessary to ascertain that French nuclear resources were authoritative. Evidently only that one series is deemed necessary to achieve the desired level of efficiency—and safety—because M. Chirac has declared that after the conclusion of these tests, in May, he will commit France never again to test nuclear weapons.

Philip Shenon of the *New York Times* reports on the honeymoon of a Seattle dermatologist, Sonja Krejci, and her new husband, Dr. Bill Clark, bound for a romantic Polynesian resort island after a scheduled connection at Papeete. But when they landed, far from making their connecting flight, they were imprisoned in the airport building surrounded by rioters, tear gas, and smoke. At one point the rioters assaulted everyone with rocks and stones, causing Dr. Clark, who is an orthopedic surgeon, to consider the possibility of needing to use his professional resources to keep his bride alive. "At one point," reports Mr. Shenon, "some of the rioters found a bulldozer, and they just drove it right into the terminal building—smashing cars and destroying the restaurant," as the poor doctor put it. An estimate of the damage done to the airport comes to \$11 million. No estimate is yet in on how many honeymoons originally scheduled for Tahiti have been rescheduled elsewhere.

A reader of the ongoing press reports on the activities of Greenpeace and others stops suddenly—or might do so—to ask: What is it the protestors fear? Are the French experiments, conducted 750 miles from Tahiti, endangering anybody in Tahiti? For that matter, are they endangering anybody or anything in Mururoa, the atoll used for the nuclear testing? Has anybody detected a rise in pollutants in the area where the first tests were undertaken? Has a whale been killed? Two whales? Has \$11 million in damage been done to the sea surrounding Mururoa?

The answer has to be No, for the simple reason that if it were Yes, we absolutely would have heard about it. The Greenpeace types desperately need a martyr. A poisoned ocean, a scarred sun—something that points to Chernobyl. But there isn't anything there. Only the anarchic passion to smash. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

THE GIMLET EYE

QUENTIN LETTS

A FOREIGN report was recently passed my way—"passed my way" being a preferable construction to the coarse, albeit more factual, "I read this in some crumpled news sheet over a man's shoulder on the subway." The dispatch, drafted in creditable prose, referred to "Jordan's King Hussein and the Iraq Question."

When political issues become "Questions" it is normally time to hoof it. "Questions" are for policy advisors or standardized-test makers. *New York Times* op-ed writers cherish a meaty "Question." But for the rest of us, and that includes politicians, "Questions" quite spoil a ripening day.

Caesar's morning chores, already made onerous by the need to tie those knee-high boot laces, included consideration of the Gaul Question. Is it any wonder Julius lost his hair? Metternich, on reading his equivalent of the President's daily intelligence bulletin must have groaned at that recurring "Item 1. The Napoleon Question." And Gladstone, on rising, would push aside his breakfast egg and let drop his linen napkin in order to ponder the Irish Question. It is a conundrum which to this day dents appetites in Downing Street.

In similar fashion the Iraq Question once made the air congeal in the White House. When it was mentioned, the tick-tock of the grandfather clock somehow became accentuated and the dust flecks lingered longer in the shafts of autumn sunlight. Mr. President, blinking in dismay, found himself yearning for the school bell, itching to go outside and play ball.

So it is with Jordan's King Hussein and the Iraq Question. Hussein Ibn Talal, holder of the Orders of Al-Nahda, Al-Kawkab, and Al-Istiqlal—not to mention a clean driver's license—is chief of the Hashemites and author of the 1962 volume *Uneasy Lies the Head*. In a

region which has a fondness for decapitation this seems an uncomfortable title for a work of autobiography.

It is also Hussein's unhappy lot in life to be the neighbor of our old acquaintance Saddam Hussein, President of Iraq. Despot-for-Life Saddam, an uncommonly cheerless effendi, has been riding low in the water. Some members of his family canceled their milk orders and checked out of the country. But it is more than mere in-law trouble. Around the souks swirl whispers that it may be time to "sell" Saddams. And when these souk fellows sell, boy, do you know it!

This was where my subway newspaper report slunk in. It quoted King Hussein as saying that he had "no ambition for a position in Iraq" but that if, say, the position of top man just happened to fall vacant—and here I precis—then you could take it that one of his Hashemite cousins would be filling in an application form and mailing it off to whichever Baghdad employment agency lands the contract. Hashemites ruled Iraq from 1921 to 1958, and made as fair a fist of it as they could. "If [the Iraqi people] find that a certain regime served them in the past, solved their disputes and maintained their unity, then that is up to them," said King Hussein, little finger aloft as he sipped from his tea cup.

Since the bad-tempered French Revolution, monarchies have not had a great press. The Italians and Libyans dumped their royals, as did the Greeks and the poor old Yugoslavs. The Albanians, finding themselves a king short earlier this century, offered their throne to the great Englishman and cricketer C. B. Fry. Alas, it was a busy week in the Fry household, and he declined. Meanwhile, from China to Germany, from the plains of India to the back bazaars of Constantinople, emperors folded tents, surrendered privileges, and moved to addresses in the principality of Monaco. From there they gambol around the

Mediterranean basin, pausing only to adjust an eyebrow and pose for Parisian glossies. It is an exhausting life.

The Spaniards bucked the trend. In 1975, marking what sportswriters might term an incredible third-quarter comeback for the boys from Bourbon, King Juan Carlos became Spain's head of state. His predecessor, Señor Franco, was another somber hombre and one of the few Fascists unable to make his country's trains run on time. Even his own departure was delayed. So the eventual arrival of Juan Carlos was welcomed, not least by heraldic signwriters, who had sorely missed the business.

ELSEWHERE, the trend has been anti-monarchist, to the point that even Britain's House of Windsor has wobbled. Numismatists live in dread of a world without myriad franked coins. Gold-braid manufacturers awake at dead of night, temples damp, teeth clenched, after nightmares of a world in which heads of state will wear only serge suits. Composers of trombone music fret that the days of good, insulting national anthems may soon end forever.

Which brings us back to King Hussein. If his wheeze works about reopening an office of Monarchies Inc. in downtown Baghdad we may be in for fun. For the man who lands the job—no point applying for this one, girls—there may be occasional dull spots. One of the things about being a king is that you must open a dutiful number of hospitals, drugstores, camel showrooms, etc. So there will be ribbon-cutting in Basra, pretty speeches in Kirkuk. A memory for names would help. If Qatar's Emir Sheikh Hamad ibn Khalifa al-Thani drops by for a sheep's eye, do try to get the names in the right order.

For the rest of the world, however, there will be spectacle. A new court will be created, with fresh flags, palaces, titles, and uniformed flunkies. The king will appoint a prime minister and let him take a dump on crime stats, interest rates, etc. The queen will set a trend for summer veils, and *People* magazine will bring us the shots that matter. Foreign policy will simply be a question of where the royal family takes its summer break.

In short, the Iraq Question will submit to man's natural preference for trivia. We will all be able to face lunch with confidence. □

Mr. Letts is New York bureau chief for the London Times.

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